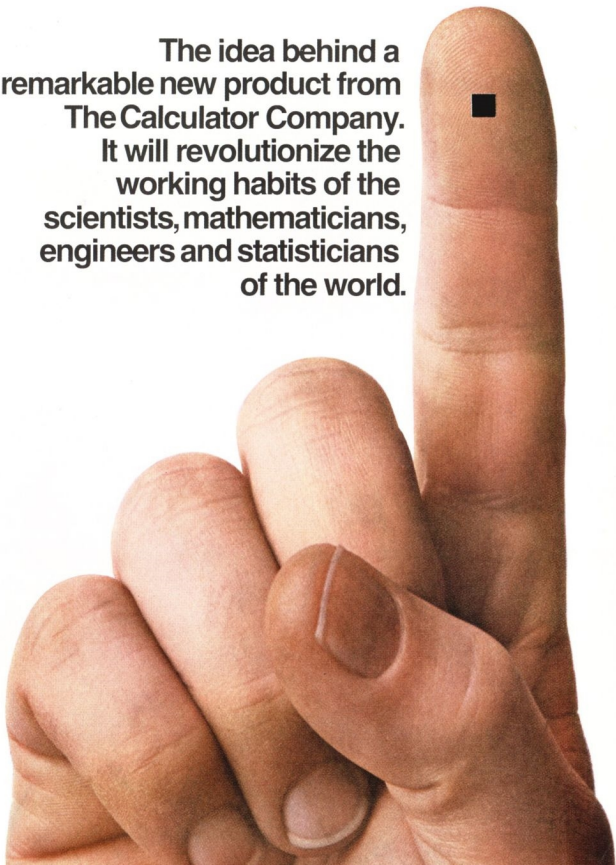




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## LETTERS

### The Man in the Pew

Sir: As one of the former priests about whom you so realistically wrote [Feb. 23], I wish to affirm your findings. The ordinary "John Doe" Catholic, educated by the structure, has had very little understanding of the problems within his ecclesiastical home. His approach to the priest has been obsequious, only because that is the way we trained him. He has looked at the priest as a celestial magician, and cannot fathom the exodus as anything but the work of the devil.

With the help of articles like yours, the man in the pew may be able to see that the problems of the church today are his problems. He is the church.

RICHARD T. McDONALD

Elizabeth, N.J.

Sir: Your "Catholic Exodus" article was right on. We especially concur with the comments you published concerning secular employment. The former clergymen we have placed are indeed highly qualified, and the jobs they obtain are an important part of the transition process.

In the area of sexuality, however, we have found that it is a much more vital factor than you imply. In fact, for 80% of our Catholic clergy clients, sexual involvement is, as we have labeled it in our study, the precipitating cause of their departure. Not so for the Protestant clergymen. Contrarily, it is often the lack of sexual involvement—in terms of marital tension and divorce—that triggers the minister's move. On the surface, this seems to back up Pope Paul's present position on celibacy. But as you point out, the problem is more complex than that.

MICHAEL DONAHOE

EARL BLUE

Co-Authors of the Earl Blue Report  
on Clergy Disaffection

Earl Blue Associates  
San Francisco

Sir: In 1966 I was internationally classified as "the most defiant priest" for having declared my marriage. My wife and I never dreamed that so much would happen so soon. Today, as "father" of the fathers who have married, I can only say, "How sweet it is." Vindication, that is.

(THE REV.) ANTHONY J. GIRARDOLA

President  
National Association of Married Priests  
Annapolis, Md.

Sir: You ask: "And just as a practical matter, how could the church today provide the funds to support the families of priests?" Surely you must be kidding. Incomes from the Roman Catholic Church holdings could keep it solvent if it never passed the collection plate. Could be that the church no longer needs the people.

CHRIS ROFER

San Diego

Sir: My departure from the Protestant parish ministry made many wonder if I had "given up on God." Quite the contrary, I simply wanted to go where the action is, not remain where it used to be.

(THE REV.) WALTER SMITH

Atlanta

Sir: John opened the door slightly to let in the light. Shannon and Caspary and their ilk have made off with the hinges.

E. L. OWEN JR.

Valhalla, N.Y.

Sir: I can understand to some extent the exodus and the reasons you ascribe for it. I cannot comprehend the utter rejection of the ancient church in bitterness by those who formerly served it. It's almost like renouncing one's mother just because she's a bit behind the times.

F. J. CUANA

Norwalk, Conn.

### Judging the Judge

Sir: Federal Judge Julius Hoffman's handling of the trial of the Miserable Seven in Chicago [Feb. 23] deserves a great deal more than passing praise. His patience, his wisdom and his refusal to be intimidated by a group of anti-Americans stamp him as a truly great man.

Judge Hoffman's actions have given me, along with millions of other Americans, a spark of hope that maybe all is not lost. We need more Hoffmans. We need more people who have the fortitude to tell the unwashed minority that it's time to take a bath.

E. I. H. BENNETT

Pittsburgh

Sir: The political credos of the individuals being tried by Judge Hoffman are so diverse that the charge of conspiracy must be viewed as the Government's paranoid fantasy.

The political tendencies of the defendants converge upon one point: they are all disdainful of Government policy. I urge all who are guilty of this crime to turn themselves in.

STEVE MILLIGAN

Boulder, Colo.

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Sir: Nobody comes out of the Chicago Seven trial with clean hands. The defense histrionics were almost as bad as the judge's suppressions.

I think that liberals and conservatives alike are now supersaturated with the violence on both ends of the political spectrum. We are equally sickened by right-wing atrocities (such as civil rights assassinations) and left-wing atrocities (such as the San Francisco police-station bombing). Eventually liberals and conservatives will have to join forces to freeze out extremists on both ends.

NICK NICHOLL

Pueblo, Colo.

### Swatting the Cow

Sir: Vice President Agnew again swatted the liberal news media [Feb. 23] which so long have made Richard Nixon the butt of their abuse.

It's like the Quaker farmer whose fractions cow kept overturning the milk bucket and kicking him. His patience at last exhausted, the farmer said to the cow: "Thou knowest, as a Quaker, I cannot beat thee. Nor curse thee. So I will sell thee to one who can do both."

The President has now succeeded in transferring the tilt to the ill-tempered cow.

EVELYN CRANE

Hollywood

### Character Analysis

Sir: Boy, that letter of Mrs. Onassis [Feb. 23]! Not its content, but its chirography: stubborn, insecure, self-centered, secretive, ungenerous and frigid. Ask any handwriting analyst.

VERA TASS

Colonia, N.J.

Sir: Poor Jackie! It makes one wonder if one should not be penning notes on self-destructing stationery—just in case.

LYNN AZZAM

Bridgeport, Conn.

### In Dresden, Too

Sir: Your article, "Dresden Rebuilt," [Feb. 23] condemns what you call the pointless air raid on that city. Any young cadet with the war plans of early 1945 in his hands could point out that this city was the hub of all communications between the German armies in the Balkans and the rest of the Reich, and also with the Eastern front, where the Russian armies had just broken into eastern Silesia and were rushing forward toward Berlin. As the maps will show you, there was no rail link of any importance between Czechoslovakia, at that time named Böhmen-Mähren, and the other side of the Riesengebirge; and the rail between Cracow in Poland and Bratislava in Czechoslovakia had been cut by the Russian advance. The Germans desperately tried to get equipment up from the Southeastern front, which was already collapsing, to throw against the Russians. I know. It was in the last days of September, 1944 that I was transported as a slave laborer, supposedly to go to work in Riesa's (a small town a bit farther north) Hermann Göring steelworks. We went in three trains, 60 to a wagon, 50 wagons to a train—east to Auschwitz to be gassed. Of my fellow prisoners, only a few may live today.

We went through that lovely Florence on the Elbe. The train passed the last great railway-engine repair works in Germany still working full blast to repair



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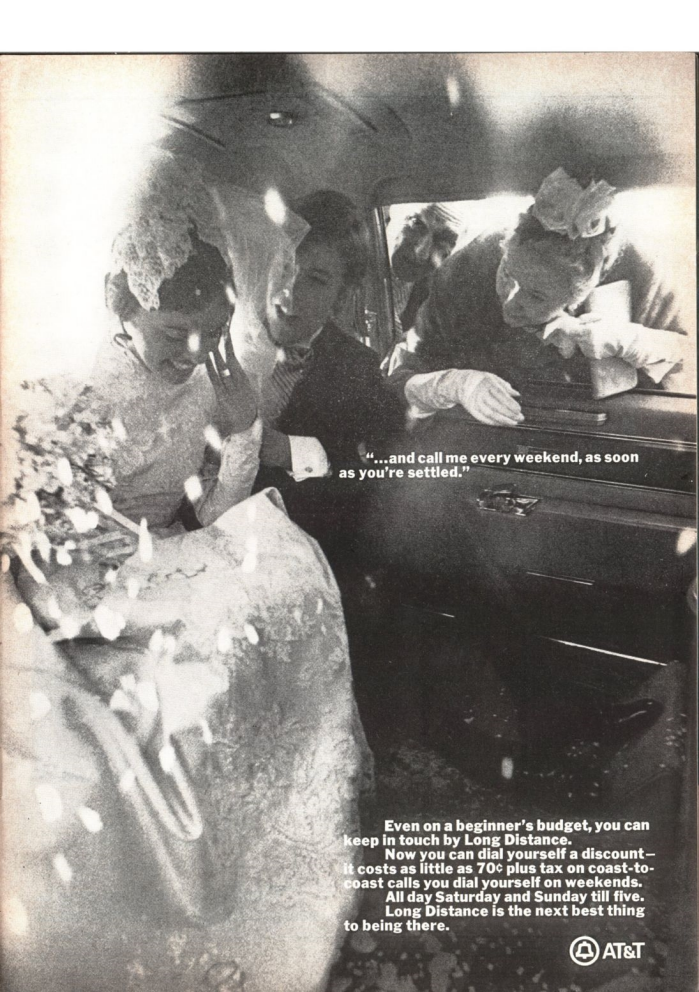
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the engines the brave boys of the Royal Air Force had riddled with bullets. They were working desperately there, as the transport system of Hitler's Reich was on the verge of collapse.

The "few light industries" you mention made specialized equipment for the German army, especially aircraft instruments and other precision parts for planes.

Militarily speaking, the bombardment was very necessary. It cut the enemy's transport system, hit vital instrument and small-arms factories, and destroyed the railway repair yard.

They began the war, they killed millions, and they got what they wanted to bring others. In Dresden, too.

EDGAR S. WEINBERG-WYVERN

Laren, The Netherlands

#### Self-Contradictory?

Sir: As an Indian woman, I must strongly protest the statement that *harjan* women are "paraded nude through the streets and then raped" for the offense of forgetting their station [Feb. 16].

The report is self-contradictory, for presumably men guilty of such conduct would pride themselves on their "high" caste; such men would hardly risk their standing by raping a *harjan* woman publicly. I have spent three decades in Indian villages, and never once heard of such an incident. Women are raped in India, as they are in other countries (after all, I do read Washington newspapers), but the social level they come from has nothing to do with it.

We in India do have our problems, political, social and economic. But if we have one thing to be thankful for in the

past two decades, it is the progress that has been made in removing the traditional disabilities of the *harjans*.

(MRS.) PROBHA GHOSHAL

Washington, D.C.

#### Clean Sweep

Sir: The article, "Soviet Portrait of America" [Feb. 23], states that the Russians Strelnikov and Shatunovsky are disseminating misinformation when they describe Negro women sweeping up in front of the White House.

The claim may be inaccurate, but no Soviet reader would impute any negative intent to it. To the Western visitor, the majority of Moscow street sweepers appear to be women—and the older the better. Babushka seems to have only two choices: baby-sit with the grandchildren or help sweep the streets. The circumstances of this exclusively geriatric female occupation is not completely lost on the Russians, however. During the Khrushchev regime (remember him?), the following joke was current in Moscow: It was rumored Khrushchev had an argument with a woman member of the party Presidium. "I'll have you sweeping streets!" he threatened her. "You can't," came the cold reply. "I'm not old enough."

CARL EDWIN LOVETT JR.

Diplomatic Courier

American Consulate General  
APO New York

#### How to Get the Bugs Out

Sir: Here is what Henry Ford should do if he really wants to compete with Volks-

wagen [Feb. 23]. Send Mrs. Ford, suitably disguised (good luck), with the ailing family car to a dealer for repairs. If her luck is like mine, she will be ignored or treated like an idiot. Nothing will be covered by the warranty.

When she recovers from the shock of the bill, she will find the original ailment still there plus a few new ones (iatrogenic mechanical failure?).

Then let Mrs. F. take a "Bug" to the Volkswagen agency for service. What a difference. At the risk of sounding like a shill for VW, I have made the comparison. Never have I received anything but prompt, courteous and competent service at the dealers. The work is often covered by the warranty, and the bills are reasonable.

The name of the game, Henry, is service!

LEAH LEDDON

Philadelphia

Sir: Henry Ford II's observation: "New models every year and all this hoi polloi about introductions and all that are becoming passé," outdoes Mrs. Malaprop at her best.

J. W. ROCKEFELLER JR.

Consulting Engineers  
Elizabeth, N.J.

Sir: Well, if he wants us hoi polloi to continue buying his automobiles, he had better stop confusing us with that well-known auto color, hulla blue.

JAMES A. WOODS

University Park, Pa.

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## THE NATION

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### Fighting Last Year's Virus

With appropriate flourishes in Washington, Moscow and London, the final legalisms of ratification were completed last week for the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty. Ninety-nine nations have approved or formally ratified the pact. Such states as Nepal, Upper Volta and Laos have agreed with the U.S., Britain and the Soviet Union not to develop nuclear weapons if they do not now have any, or if they do, not to help nuclear have-nots become haves.

The treaty was five years in the making. Today it is something of a let-down. Few question the desirability of a freeze on the number of nuclear powers or a declaration that arms cutbacks are to be sought. But the treaty changes virtually nothing in present big-power relationships, and besides, the biggest threats to peace are not the nuclear policies of Washington and Moscow but regional conflicts like the wars in the Middle East and Southeast Asia. Such imbrolios would of course be even more dangerous if the participants had nuclear weapons. But since France and Red China are dead set against the treaty, there is no guarantee that smaller nations will not eventually get the weapons anyway. The treaty thus seems almost on a par with vaccine for last year's strain of flu virus; it makes the world a somewhat more healthful place, but it is far from a sovereign remedy.

#### Piper's Price

As a midget step in the Pentagon's forced march toward economy, Air Force Chief of Staff John Ryan wants his service to scotch its eleven-man bagpipe and drum contingent. The ostensible reason is to save \$50,000 a year; some suggest that Mrs. Ryan cringes at the sight of American fighting men in the national costume of a foreign land. Anyway, the pipes that wailed a lament at Jack Kennedy's funeral, welcomed distinguished White House visitors, and enlivened countless county fairs throughout the U.S., are scheduled to sound their own dirge at a final Washington concert this month.

To be sure, bare-kneed bagpipers would be useless skirling through the booby-trapped jungles of Viet Nam. They would be hopelessly muffled by the thunder of an ICBM. Yet the strident music that has emboldened soldiers for centuries has powerful defenders. A number of influential Congressmen, including House Armed Services Committee Chairman L. Mendel

Rivers, whose mother was of the fabled piper family of McCay, and Minnesota Republican Clark MacGregor, remember their Scottish blood and are making Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's life miserable with their protests. His aides concede that the dispute is becoming one of the most nettlesome they have encountered. Laird himself, normally outgoing and sensitive to Capitol Hill foibles, grimly refuses to discuss the touchy subject. It is fitting that an organization spending close to \$80 billion a year should become discomfited over whether to continue paying the pipers.



ECLIPSE OVER VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.

### PHENOMENA

#### Enjoying the Umbra

Such is the sophistication of modern man that no scientists were in danger last week of losing their heads, as had the ancient Chinese court astronomers Hsi and Ho for failing to predict the imminence of a solar eclipse. No one in the U.S. shot arrows into the sky, as Peruvian Indians often did to frighten away the beast devouring the sun. No one even thought, as had the Tahitians, that the sudden darkness meant that the sun and the moon were engaged in celestial copulation. Nor in a smog-ridden society did the midday blackness even seem all that strange.

Despite its predictability and the fading of associated fables, the totality of last week's eclipse over the nation's most populous areas and its unprecedented

television coverage carried echoes of ancient forebodings and reminded man again of his cosmic impotence. It may be more common today to dread the world's ending in a nuclear fireball than in deathly darkness, but the loss of light at noontime still suggests the extinction of life. To dream of an eclipse, many psychologists hold, is to confront fears of death and failure. A child born during such an event, contend astrologers, will be a powerful influence for evil—or for good. In Houston Sybil Leek, the witch and astrologer, computed that sun and moon were positioned to cause emotional destruction in families and earthquakes in the countryside. Also to tumble the stock market.

Most Americans were not at all concerned about any impact upon their subconscious or their investment portfolio. They reacted instead as their own perspectives dictated. Some, wholly indifferent to anything not directly affecting their daily living, acted as though the eclipse did not matter at all. Out of 14

Chicagoans quizzed before the event, five asked "What is it?", eight wondered "When is it?" and one looked up at the cloudy sky to demand "Where is it?" At Chicago's Adler Planetarium, the most frequent inquiry was a fretful "Is it safe to go outside?"

**Eclipse Moon.** More gregarious spirits seized upon the blackout as an occasion for a Woodstock kind of togetherness. There was an "Eclipse-In" at Manhattan's Central Park and a "Sun-In" thrown by Washington's hip Aquarian Society to "share a common culture of music, drugs, love, liberation and the simple enjoyment of life."

Amid all the partying along the 100-mile-wide umbra of total darkness stretching from Mexico toward Florida and northward to Nantucket Island, the jammed hotels and motels included serious am-

ateur scientists carrying altered telescopes and cameras to view or record the historic event without damage to eye or lens. The professionals took to high-altitude aircraft and isolated mountaintops to aim their instruments to best advantage. Out of Wallops Island, Va., NASA fired rockets rather than arrows into the heavens, seeking more precise knowledge of the phenomenon.

To more sentimental souls, the eclipse provided another chance to applaud the victory of an underdog. Now bearing human footprints, the moon has assumed a new kinship with mankind. And once again, that tiny body whose feeble reflective light is daily obscured by the overpowering brilliance of sun had succeeded in blotting out, however temporarily, the dominant light source in man's special locus within the universe.



## School Message: Learn to Teach

THAT reform, not money, is the keystone of Richard Nixon's domestic policy was demonstrated again last week with the President's first message to Congress on federal education policy. Rejected outright was the New Deal-Great Society doctrine that the best answer is the one that carries the biggest dollar sign. Nixon proposed no new comprehensive spending plans, no additional substantive programs. Instead, he declared that the U.S. must learn how to teach; Americans must conduct a "searching re-examination of our entire approach to learning."

The President argued that the greatest need was to find out why—despite large expenditures in recent years—schools have not been able to improve appreciably the performance of children from poor families. He asked Congress to set up a clearinghouse for research, the National Institute of Edu-

cation. The White House drew on the 1966 Coleman report, a Great Society-sponsored study conducted by educators and other experts. One of the Coleman theses was that quality education, as usually measured in terms of school buildings, libraries, laboratories and numbers of teachers, often bears little relationship to the school's effect on children. But, old school building or new, a far greater impact on classroom performance was found to be made by a child's family and home background. Certainly Nixon was on firm ground when he argued that not enough is known about the learning process, that education research should be accelerated, that some federally subsidized programs that seemed so promising a few years ago have thus far yielded mediocre results or worse.

Yet Nixon's approach is also vulnerable to attack. His new Commission

Commissioner of Education, James Allen Jr., announced that a study he had conducted confirmed that in some cases money meant to aid special "enrichment" programs was used for ordinary operating purposes in slum schools.

**Variety of Judgments.** Many educators argue that the Federal Government simply has not put up enough money for a long enough period to achieve the kind of results Nixon talks about. "As we get more education for the dollar," Nixon promised, "we will ask the Congress to supply many more dollars for education." Allen, who supports the basic thinking of the message, added the caveat: "We are not going to find any panaceas in this business, but we had better start now, because we cannot afford to go on putting large sums into education while the reading levels go down, down, down." To which John Gardner responded: "We all can arrive at a variety of judgments about our schools, about what works and what doesn't. But whatever else they need,



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ONE-ROOM SCHOOLHOUSE IN KENTUCKY

*Taking 14 months to decide to think it over.*

cation. Its first job: to study how to improve compensatory education for the poor. In the same vein, he endorsed the Office of Education's "right to read" program, announced last September, to improve literacy by upgrading research and developing methods of teaching reading skills found to be inadequate among many students. He also asked for a network of experimental centers to study the education of prekindergarten children. On his own authority, Nixon established a Commission on School Finance "to help states and communities to analyze the fiscal plight of their public and nonpublic schools."

**Mediocre Results.** The 8,000-word message, in preparation for almost a year, was designed at least in part to answer Administration critics who contend that Nixon puts economy ahead of ed-

on School Finance will doubtless report—in a year or so—that many urban and rural districts are starving for dollars and that local revenue resources are inadequate. For a new Administration to request such a study is one thing; Nixon's took 14 months to decide that it needed to think the whole thing over.

It is also questionable whether the programs already under way are as feeble as Nixon makes them sound. The Administration's own statistics show that special aid for impoverished pupils significantly raised the reading levels of 19% of those tested. For those youngsters, at least, somebody must have been doing something right. There is also some doubt about whether all local school districts have been using federal funds for their intended purpose. Nixon's

they need money, and this is especially true of the schools in the inner city." The main danger in Nixon's essentially sound approach is that it could become a rationale for doing little until some mysteries of the education process are solved—if they ever are.

The President and Congress finally ended their seven-month battle over the Labor-HEW appropriation bill for the current fiscal year. The final outcome was a compromise: Nixon got a \$700 million cut from \$19.7 billion he had vetoed as inflationary; the Democrats in Congress ended up with \$760 million more than the President had originally proposed. Actual spending will come to just over \$19 billion, since Nixon was given the right to withhold 2% of the total.

## CIVIL RIGHTS

### Voting Victory

While school integration has dominated the race relations arena for nearly a year, another crucial question—federal policy on voting rights for blacks—has been quietly moving toward a climax. At issue is whether the 1965 statute that allowed some 800,000 Southern blacks to exercise the franchise will survive intact. Last week defenders of the Voting Rights Act won a significant victory in the Senate.

One of the most successful pieces of civil rights legislation passed in the 1960s, the law expires August 6. Black leaders and congressional liberals wanted to extend the provisions that now affect seven Southern states.\* Literacy tests would continue to be banned. The Justice Department would retain the right to have federal registrars and examiners at the polls. Most important, the states and counties covered would continue to be prohibited from changing election laws and procedures without Justice Department approval. Case-by-case enforcement via the courts could be avoided, as at present.

**Review Right.** Last summer the Administration proposed a new law which was passed by the House in December. It would spur voter registration in the North by suspending literacy tests nationwide and relaxing residency requirements for presidential elections. But by allowing the 1965 law to expire, the measure would also eliminate the Justice Department's right to review voting laws, forcing it back to the old case-by-case

method of implementation and slowing black registration in the South.

The President's bill never had a chance in the Senate. Republican Leader Hugh Scott, a longtime civil rights advocate with a liberal Pennsylvania constituency, found the President's proposal unacceptable. So did Michigan's Philip Hart, chief Democratic sponsor of recent civil rights measures. Joining them were eight members of the powerful Senate Judiciary Committee. Resentful over Chairman James Eastland's action in reporting out the Nixon bill without a committee vote, they issued a 28-page position paper supporting an alternative bill. The substitute abolishes both literacy tests and residency requirements for federal elections, as Nixon had requested. But it also extends the 1965 act for five years.

On a preliminary test vote last week, a bipartisan coalition upheld the Scott-Hart bill 47 to 32. Final passage in the Senate and concurrence by the House now seems likely.

**Bitter Disappointment.** Scott's was not the only voice raised against Administration civil rights policy last week. Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Robert Finch announced the replacement of Leon Panetta, the ousted Office of Civil Rights chief, with J. Stanley Pottinger, 30, a lawyer in HEW's San Francisco regional office. The appointment did nothing to soothe the anger of those who had supported Panetta. Two OCR officials resigned, 125 staff members sent the President a letter expressing "bitter disappointment" with the Administration's performance on civil rights, and 1,800 departmental employees signed a petition, titled "Bring Us Together," asking Finch for clarification of HEW's position on civil rights.

Such clarification may be forthcoming from the President himself before too long. Insisting that he was speaking

for himself and not Mr. Nixon, John Ehrlichman, the President's chief aide for domestic affairs, told reporters that he was opposed to changes in the racial makeup of the schools for "a purely social end" like integration. He also indicated that Nixon, who said in his education message that he believes desegregation necessary to good education, plans to issue another statement spelling out his views on school integration. Nixon met with 35 black officials last week, seeking guidance on the shape of a major public pronouncement. In the light of Presidential Aide Daniel Patrick Moynihan's recent call for a period of "benign neglect" on race (see *ESSAY*), such a statement is needed.

## SOUTH CAROLINA

### Rebellion at Lamar

It was called the Devil's Woodyard in the 18th century, when brawling lumberjacks settled there. Now called Lamar, the bleak little tobacco town of 1,350 in eastern South Carolina was convulsed last week in another kind of violence, an atavistic rebellion against the influx of black children to a predominantly white school.

As three buses carrying 32 black pupils pulled up in front of Lamar High School, a sullen group of 125 white men and women suddenly went wild. The 75 surprised state troopers on hand tried desperately to protect the children, as screaming whites began smashing the bus windows with ax handles, bricks, heavy chains and sharpened screwdrivers. They repeatedly tried to get at the youngsters who were cowering inside. The student driver of one bus, Henry Alford, 18, struggled to hold the door closed. "Most of the kids were girls, and they were scared and crying," Alford said. "The boys made the girls get down on the floor and the boys stood in a circle around them to protect them from the glass." Several children were cut.

**Rocks and Fists.** Some troopers tried to drive the mob back with tear gas while other cops rescued the trapped children. As the children ran across the lawn, whites threw rocks at them, and then assailed the troopers. Then the attackers turned their fury on the buses, overturning two of them and smashing all the windows.

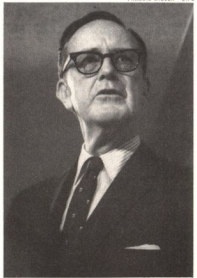
Amazingly, there were no serious injuries. The school was closed. By week's end 29 white men had been arrested on state riot charges. Among them was Jeryl Best, a local anti-integration leader who, officials said, had fired up the crowd before the outbreak.

The defendants became instant heroes to many of their white neighbors. As they marched out of jail on bail, one woman said: "Any man who spent a night in jail for doing what is right got a right to be proud today." Best's followers, mostly poorer whites in work clothes, complained that the school board had rigged its desegregation

\* The 1965 law applied to any state that used literacy tests and where less than 50% of the voting-age population were registered in the 1964 election. Its major impact was felt in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Louisiana, Virginia, and parts of North Carolina.



HUGH SCOTT



PHILIP HART

No chance in the Senate.



**SCHOOL BUS OVERTURNED BY WHITE MOB**  
*Instant heroes to their neighbors.*

plan to fall most heavily on them, while middle-class whites would be little affected.

There was a good chance that violence could have been avoided. Many other South Carolina communities have integrated peacefully. Responsible groups in Darlington County, where Lamar is situated, had worked actively for community acceptance of integration. But their efforts were undercut by officials seeking gain from racial turmoil. Most blatant was Congressman Albert Watson, a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor. Democratic Governor Robert McNair went on television Jan. 27 and told South Carolinians that "we've run out of courts, and we've run out of time, and we adjust to new circumstances." Watson gleefully accused the Governor of "surrender." Watson was the only major politician to accept an invitation to address Jeryl Best's Darlington County Freedom-of-Choice Council on Feb. 22. The Congressman urged his listeners to "stand up and be counted."

**Warnings.** In the wake of the riot, state and federal officials tried to place responsibility on each other. Both levels might have acted more vigorously in heading off the potentially lethal spasm. The Federal Government had warnings of trouble the previous day; McNair even called Attorney General John Mitchell about Lamar's volatility.

The issue revolved around a federal court order, yet only five federal marshals were present. They stood by while the mob attacked the children. But maintenance of order is primarily a state responsibility. McNair did not ask Mitchell for additional marshals or federal troops and failed to mobilize the National Guard.

After the fact, the response by federal and state officials was vigorous.

The White House and Spiro Agnew deplored the incident and vowed that violence would not be allowed to impede desegregation. The FBI moved in to investigate, while state authorities seem bent on prompt prosecution. Even Albert Watson said the rebellion at Lamar should not have happened.

## DEMOCRATS

### Signs of Life

Ravaged by internal bickering, defeatism and campaign debts of \$8.3 million, the Democratic Party these days has a moribund air. Last week, nonetheless, there were signs of life.

Edmund Muskie, after months of apparent soul-searching, came out galloping toward the 1972 Democratic presidential nomination. The junior Senator from Maine delivered a hard, partisan denunciation of Republican Viet Nam policy, pooh-poohed Richard Nixon's "Silent Majority," and accused the press of softening its criticism and analysis of the war. Considering his normally deliberative, restrained manner, Muskie emerged as a pugnacious contender. He accused the Administration of falsely lulling the populace: Viet Nam has been "transformed in the public mind from the most critical issue of the times to just another policy problem." Muskie favors renewed debate on the war and greater emphasis on the Paris peace talks.

Whoever carries the party standard in 1972 will need a much better organization than the present one. After a series of fumbles, the Democratic National Committee unanimously elected as national chairman Lawrence O'Brien (TIME, March 2). The former J.F.K. aide has served in the post before and is regarded as the best political strategist available for the job.

## THE FIRST LADY

### Pat's Bandwagon

Poised and cheerful, the slim blonde with the conventional coiffure and decorous hemline managed to look at home among miniskirted girls with their long hair and longer legs, and boys sporting whiskers and peace emblems. One bushy-jawed college student could not resist giving his guest a respectful buss. Clearly pleased, Pat Nixon reported the obvious: "The beard tickled."

Pat Nixon? What ever happened to the matron in the Republican cloth coat, the silent partner in the Nixon marriage who never appeared quite comfortable as the wife of a public man? She has got to the point of enjoying flattering headlines and TV footage, for one thing. For another, she has acquired sufficient self-confidence to face pickets, skeptical reporters and ordinary citizens with the same aplomb. Finally, she has discovered a worthy cause within her ken: voluntary social action.

**Starch and Humor.** So off she went last week on the second of her grass-roots excursions. This time the itinerary was Michigan, Kentucky, Ohio, Colorado and Missouri. In style, Pat has suffered in comparison with Jackie; for energy and charm, she has been no match for Lady Bird. But last week she borrowed a presidential 707; her predecessors never did that. Pat held four stand-up press conferences, sharing the microphones with students active in volunteer programs and responding to questions with the proper combination of starch and good humor; Jackie and Lady Bird did not do that either.

In Cincinnati, challenged by a re-



**MRS. NIXON IN COLORADO**  
*A worthy cause within her ken.*

porter on the usefulness of volunteerism in solving the problems of poverty, she replied: "Government is impersonal, and to really get our problems solved we have to have people too. We need the personal touch."

Women's-righters and antiwar protesters twitted her at some stops. "A few shouters cannot dim the glory of this day," she said in Lexington, Ky. As she filled her 14-hour days with visits to the poor, the blind, the retarded, the aged and the outcast, she emphasized: "I want to go where the action is." All Americans, she said, should "get on the bandwagon and help out in their communities."

**Place to Be.** For all of her new moxie, Pat stopped short of the front lines. Her schedule this time did not include any ghetto areas, and the only campus she visited belonged to the School of the Ozarks in Point Lookout, Mo. But she was constantly surrounded by college students, because many of the institutions she visited were heavily staffed with young volunteers.

Pat was as interested in the helped as in the helpers. One blind child crawled into her lap. "I'd like to take you home with me," Pat crooned. "I need a new little girl. Mine are both grown." To teenage boys in a delinquents' training school, she said: "I want you to do something great. One of you can even be President." Thinking that one over for a moment, she added an aside: "I wouldn't want to wish it on them." Once in a while, Pat's enthusiasm went a bit awry. "This is a good place to be," she told inmates of Kentucky's Eastern State Mental Hospital. It was a good place to visit, anyway, particularly for a farmer's daughter and former schoolteacher who has learned how to be an unwound First Lady.

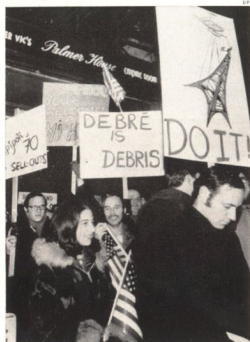
## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Pompidou Postscripts

From over the Atlantic last week, as Georges Pompidou winged home to Paris following an eight-day U.S. visit, the President of France sent a last *adieu* to Host Richard Nixon. His trip and their consultations, said Pompidou, had helped "the slow and difficult construction of man's happiness." Considering the fact that the state visit had nearly been reduced to a sham, Pompidou's message seemed as extravagant as *bombe glacée* for dessert after a dinner of horsemeat sausage. Only adroit maneuvering by Nixon saved the tour from an embarrassing finale. Long after the plane disappeared over the horizon, Pompidou's hosts were still arguing the effectiveness of his visit and the questions it underscored about the shaping of U.S. foreign policy (see box, opposite).

**Stain on America.** In the face of street demonstrations protesting his anti-Israeli policy, Pompidou's patience held up well enough as long as the generally orderly protesters were kept at a dis-

tance. But in Chicago, his next to last stop, Pompidou felt that things had got out of hand. Mayor Richard Daley greeted the city's distinguished guest at the airport but did not appear at a Palmer House dinner given by Chicago's Council on Foreign Relations and Alliance Française. His Honor claimed "family commitments." Daley's ungentle police were lenient with the well-dressed, middle-class Jewish pickets who gathered to protest. When the Pompidou party left the Palmer House dinner, some demonstrators were able to confront it with shouts and signs. One placard showed



DEMONSTRATORS IN CHICAGO  
Conspiracy theories.

Pompidou kissing an Arab derrière. Claude Pompidou insisted that she had been spat upon.

U.S. Presidents are accustomed to crowd crudeness but French Presidents are not. Plainly overreacting, Pompidou called the incident "a blatant violation of all security" and "a stain on America's forehead." The police, he said, were "accomplices of the demonstrators." To a continental mind, no matter how well-informed about U.S. affairs, conspiracy seems the usual explanation for almost anything; Pompidou probably could not believe that the Chicago police were not in league with the demonstrators. Daley insisted that there was nothing for him—or the demonstrators—to apologize for.

Next, Pompidou threatened to skip his final stop in New York and fly directly home to France. New York, the French party reasoned, not only has the largest Jewish population of any city in the world—2,400,000—but the stage was set for further hostile dem-

onstrations by the unconscionable absences of both Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Mayor John Lindsay. Rockefeller is running for re-election this year and needs the Jewish vote. Lindsay won re-election last year with substantial Jewish support. Both trucked to Jewish enmity for Pompidou by finding commitments that kept them from meeting Pompidou or attending a dinner honoring him at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Only a telephoned apology from Nixon persuaded Pompidou to continue his trip. Even so, he limited his movements outside the Waldorf to a United Nations luncheon, and Claude Pompidou refused to leave the hotel.

**Bitterness Diluted.** To restore cordiality completely, Nixon made a surprise trip to New York for the Waldorf dinner. Spiro Agnew had been scheduled to *Vive Pompidou!*, but Nixon took over that duty when the time came for toasts. His gesture pleased the French and somewhat diluted the bitterness of Chicago. It was, said Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann, "of exceptional importance." So, last week, was Nixon's nomination of Arthur K. Watson, 50, to replace Sargent Shriver as Ambassador to France. Watson, chairman of IBM World Trade Corp., speaks fluent French and has long been an advocate of closer European-American relations.

Ironically, Pompidou's pique may well redound to his credit at home. Many Frenchmen are sympathetic to Israel and they oppose their government's freeze on arms sales to Israel while

108 Mirage jets are being sold to Libya. Yet they naturally resent discourtesy to a President of France, and the insults of American Jews could have the effect of strengthening Pompidou's position.

**Cogent Arguments.** The week's events also affected U.S. affairs. Nixon's eagerness to soothe Pompidou offended sympathizers of Israel. On the other hand, Nixon has not enjoyed much Jewish political support, and would seem to have little to lose from that quarter. By placating the nation's guest, he was also rebuking Rockefeller and Lindsay and slapping the demonstrators' wrists.

Nixon is still cogitating a request from Israel for 24 additional Phantom jets and 80 Skyhawks. A decision promised for last week was not forthcoming and may be delayed further by the fuss over Pompidou. The President does not want to be put into the position of reacting to foreign-policy recommendations under pressure.



Nixon has heard cogent arguments for and against providing the Phantoms and Skyhawks. Militarily the planes are necessary to replace old equipment in Israel's air force; they would also make up for the 50 Mirages that Charles de Gaulle first sold to Israel and then refused to deliver, as well as for planes shot down since the 1967 war.

**Repercussions.** The rebuttal is that Israel, for the moment at least, has air superiority in the Middle East because of its pilots' skill. Nor is this likely to be affected by Libya's purchase of the Mirages. American diplomats in Arab na-

tions are arguing that to sell Israel more arms now would end what marginal influence Washington retains in Arab capitals. Still, Nixon cannot let the Arabs feel that he is abandoning Israel.

The outlook, therefore, is for a compromise that will please no one. The President is expected soon to pledge in general terms that the U.S. will maintain Israel's war machine at a degree sufficient to assure it security. At the same time, he may announce limited sales of planes to Israel. The extent of the purchases and the timing of

the deliveries, however, may well be kept quiet. Whatever the details, such a decision will cause obvious repercussions. The Soviets are already tuning up an anti-Israel campaign that sounds like justification for more arms shipments to the Arabs. Last week, at a televised press conference in Moscow, 54 prominent Russian Jews denounced "Zionist racism." The Arabs will be even more indignant. Whatever Nixon decides, the State Department will provide advance warning to U.S. embassies in Arab nations in order to give them time to put up sandbags.

## Is There a Jewish Foreign Policy?

If it accomplished nothing else, the brouhaha over Georges Pompidou's American sojourn underscored the delicate dilemma of American Jews vis-à-vis Israel. As individuals or as a community, they certainly had every right to express their feelings about the French President's pro-Arab views. But is it sound tactics or proper behavior for any group of U.S. citizens to insult a visiting head of state? Many sober-minded Jews who are ordinarily strangers to picket lines would answer that their consciences demanded loud protest. In fact, compared with other recent demonstrations, these were small and extremely orderly. Booming Pompidou, of course, is only part of a larger question: at what point does the emotional pull of Jerusalem distort the consideration of foreign policy in the U.S.? Is there what might be called a Jewish foreign policy?

Political pressure based on ethnic loyalty is a part of American democracy; it is hardly a recent phenomenon, or one unique to the Jews. In 1794, Irish immigrants protested the Jay treaty that improved relations with Britain. During the Boer War, Dutch-Americans tried to get the U.S. into war on the Boer side, German-Americans during the 1930s agitated on Berlin's behalf. The cold war produced anti-Soviet demonstrations by Americans of Slavic descent.

None of these groups, however, match 6,000,000 American Jews for economic and political support of another country. Since 1948, American Jews have raised more than a billion dollars for Israel, all of it tax deductible. At the same time, the U.S. Government allocated almost another billion in foreign aid to Israel. Jews account for only 3% of the U.S. population, but they are centered in such pivotal states as New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania and California. More than most ethnic groups, they vote regularly and are heavy campaign contributors. Thus politicians are aware of the potency of the Jewish vote. When the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations held a recent rally in Washington, about 400 Congressmen and 70 Senators signed the conference petition urging continued military and economic aid to Israel.

For all their material achievement in the U.S., for all the concern of tradition-minded elders about excessive assimilation and loss of identity, most American Jews have a fierce emotional attachment to Israel. The reasons are not difficult to find. Two thousand years of Diaspora and persecution have left a legacy of interdependence. The deaths of 6,000,000 during World War II, followed soon after by the rebirth of a Jewish state, added first unspeakable sorrow and then boundless pride to their outlook.

The average American Jew has no difficulty reconciling support for Israel with loyalty to the U.S. Obviously he rejects the Zionist formulation once put forward by David Ben-Gurion that "whoever dwells outside the land of Israel is considered to have no God." He can buttress his passion with reason. Israel is a democratic, modern, stabilizing force in a chaotic and brutally backward corner of the

world. The Israelis have created a nation and made the desert bloom, thereby more than earning their right to national existence. Israel needs U.S. support to survive, and if Israel were some day to fall, U.S. interests would suffer.

All of this can be argued coolly, and frequently has been, ever since the time that Harry Truman overrode Secretary of State George Marshall's advice and recognized the new state. Yet, as the Israelis themselves point out, Washington's interests do not and need not necessarily mirror Jerusalem's at every turn. The U.S. is justifiably concerned lest the festering hostilities in the Middle East erupt into another major war, renewing the danger of a Soviet-American confrontation. It is not at all inconsistent for the U.S. to guarantee Israel's survival while at the same time seeking a solution to the impasse that may not satisfy Israel completely. Nor is it improper for the U.S. to attempt to maintain what influence it can among the Arab nations.

The vehemence of the American Jewish community's support for Israel creates an impression in the minds of some that Washington is acting not on the basis of national interest but out of fear of Jewish wrath. When public officials of national stature, such as John Lindsay and Nelson Rockefeller, advocate their ceremonial responsibilities toward a foreign leader, it is a sign that pressure-bloc politics is taking precedence over common sense and public duty.

If carried to excess, pro-Israel passions might also be self-defeating. Every American President since Truman has materially supported Israel's sovereignty. Even Nixon, despite his scant debt to Jewish voters, despite lobbying by the oil industry, which wants good U.S. relations with the Arabs, despite his talk about "evenhandedness," has not really turned the Government to a new course. For this, he has good reasons and widespread support; opinion polls have consistently shown strong backing for Israel. Says Dr. William Wexler, chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations and one of the leaders whom Pompidou refused to see in New York: "Mr. Nixon's policy toward Israel is very much in line with Jewish desires. In this case, it's all a matter of what is right and best for the country." Philip Hoffman, president of the American Jewish Committee, considers that the demonstrations represented the popular view. He guesses that they might prove "counterproductive" if they were to alienate the Administration, but adds: "I would hope that Mr. Nixon would not allow them to cause permanent pique."

A risk factor enters the equation if the President and other officials even seem to be in a position of yielding to an influential minority. American Jews cannot and should not suppress their feelings about Israel. The problem is to find the dividing line between heated, even passionate advocacy, and pressure that is indeed counterproductive. The very intensity and single-mindedness of Jewish support sometimes overshadows support for Israel by other Americans, making it seem as if Israel were a purely Jewish cause.

# Kids and Heroin: The Adolescent

Doctor: *Do you think you'd like to die, Ralphie?*

Ralph: *No.*

Doctor: *Then why do you want to go home?*

Ralph: *'Cause I want to.*

Doctor: *Are you going to shoot more heroin?*

Ralph: *I dunno.*

An ex-addict, 16: *You gonna shoot dope, Ralphie. You gonna be in jail or you gonna be dead. The pushers ain't gonna disappear just 'cause you comin' home, Ralphie.*

RALPH DE JESUS is twelve years old, a 60-lb. wisp of a boy barely four feet tall, with gentle eyes and pale arms so thin that it is almost impossible to believe that they could take a needle. But Ralphie is a junkie. He has not only used heroin, but he has also taken part in muggings and sold drugs to his friends in order to support his habit. Last week Ralphie was in Manhattan's Odyssey House, in a group therapy session with a psychiatrist and a dozen ex-addicts aged 14 to 18. Ralphie wanted to go back home to The Bronx. The doctor, Judianne Densen-Gerber, founder of Odyssey House, and Ralphie's young friends there were trying to make him recognize that if he left them, he would have no chance to break out of the vicious circle of heroin addiction. Ralphie stayed for two more days. Then he went home.

The Odyssey House branch on Manhattan's East 87th Street, one of the few public or private facilities for treating young addicts, is a grubby tenement

from the outside. Inside, it is crowded but neatly kept; the kids have replastered falling ceilings, and they do all the work of cleaning, cooking and asking for food from neighborhood merchants. Though discipline is strict, they are cheerful and friendly. The members huddle in frequent bull sessions and gather regularly for group therapy with a trained psychologist. In those agonizing meetings—the one with Ralphie is typical—the kids are by turns affectionate and caustic with one another. Whatever the mood at any one moment, they show a passionate seriousness and a deep mutual concern that is overwhelming to an outsider.

## From Ghetto to Suburb

Ralphie got to Odyssey House from a hospital, where he had been seriously ill with hepatitis, contracted from a dirty needle he used to mainline heroin by injecting it into a vein in his arm. He is probably the youngest addict to surface for treatment in a terrifying wave of heroin use among youth, which has caught up teen-agers and even pre-adolescent children from city ghettos to fashionable suburbs, from New York—where the problem is still most severe—to the West Coast. One 17-year-old at Odyssey House knew Walter Vandemeer, 12, who died in Harlem of a heroin overdose last December (TIME, Dec. 26). He asks Ralphie what he thinks of Walter's death. "That's his business," Ralphie mutters, staring grimly at the floor. It is plain that the ideas of death or imprisonment are beyond the twelve-year-old's grasp.

Less than a week before, Dr. Densen-Gerber—an outspoken, sometimes abrasive woman of 35, "Doctor Judy" to all who know her—took Ralphie to testify before a New York State legislative committee investigating addiction among the young. Now she asks him: "Why did I take you there?" "I guess you wanted to put me on TV," Ralphie answers. "No," she tells him. "The only reason I took you there is that only if they saw you would they understand that tiny little people like you are doing things they shouldn't do. You are an example of hundreds of other children, Ralphie. Ralphie is not special."

The gathering tragedy is that Ralphie is not special. Heroin, long considered the affliction of the criminal, the derelict, the debauched, is increasingly attacking America's children. Part of the dread and the danger of the problem is that it spreads all too invisibly. No one knows how many heroin addicts of any age there are in the U.S. But in New York City alone, where most experts think roughly half the heroin users in the U.S. live, 224 teenagers died from overdoses or heroin-related infections last year, about a quarter of the city's 900 deaths from her-

oin use. So far this year, over 40 teenagers have died because of heroin. There may be as many as 25,000 young addicts in New York City, and one expert fears the number may mushroom fantastically to 100,000 this summer. Cautious federal officials believe that heroin addiction below age 25 jumped 40% from 1968 to 1969. However imprecise the figures, there is no doubting the magnitude of the change, or the certitude that something frightening is sweeping into the corridors of U.S. schools and onto the pavements of America's playgrounds. It has not yet cropped up everywhere, but many experts believe that disaster looms large.

"A heroin epidemic has hit us. We must take that fact," says Dr. Donald Louria, president of the New York State Council on Drug Addiction and author of *Drug Scene*. Dr. Elliot Luby, associate director of Detroit's addict-treating Lafayette Clinic, concurs: "Addiction is really reaching epidemic proportions. You have to look at it as an infectious disease." Epidemic, of course, is a relative term, but as a Chicago psychiatrist, Dr. Marvin Schwarz, says: "Now we're seeing it clinically, whereas before we weren't. The kids on heroin all have long histories of drug use." At the California-based Synanon self-help centers for addicts, the teen-age population has risen from zero five years ago to 400 today. In San Francisco, Dr. Barry Ramer, director of the Study for Special Problems, calls heroin now "the most readily available drug on the streets." He adds: "In my wildest nightmares, I never dreamed of what we are seeing today."

## From Rush to Scramble

Heroin itself is a nightmare almost beyond description. By any of the names its users call it—scag, smack, the big H, horse, dope, junk, stuff—it is infamous as the hardest of drugs, the notorious nemesis of the most hopeless narcotics addicts, the toughest of monkeys for anyone to get off his back. On heroin, the user usually progresses from snorting (inhaling the bitter powder like some deadly snuff) to skin popping (injecting the liquefied drug just beneath the skin) to mainlining (sticking the stuff directly into the bloodstream).

First there is a "rush," a euphoric spasm of 60 seconds or so, which many addicts compare to sexual climax. Then comes a "high," which may last for several hours, a lethargic, withdrawn state in which the addict nods drowsily, without appetite for food, companionship, sex—or life. Heroin, says one addict bitterly, "has all the advantages of death, without its permanence." After the high ends, there is the frantic scramble for a new supply in order to shoot up once again, to escape one more time into compulsive oblivion. As the junkie develops



RALPH DE JESUS TESTIFYING

Death and prison are beyond his grasp.

# Epidemic

tolerance for the drug, he must use ever increasing amounts to reach the same high—thus the price of a habit can run as high as \$100 a day. If he shoots too little, he does not get the kick he wants; if he shoots too much, he risks coma and death from an overdose. An overdose depresses the brain's control of breathing, slowing respiration to the point where the body simply does not get the oxygen it needs. If he tries to stop suddenly—cold turkey—he must endure the screaming, nauseating, sweating agonies of withdrawal.

Junke has been common even among teen-agers in the ghetto for 20 years. Around 1950, Harlem-bred Claude Brown writes in *Manchild in the Promised Land*, "horse was a new thing. It was like horse had just taken over." Now, says Criminologist Roger Smith, director of a drug therapy center near San Francisco, "the emerging junkie of the 1970s is a middle-class junkie as well as a junior junkie." Here are some of those contemporary junkies who have shaken the habit—at least for now:

**SHEERA** is 14, red-haired and wholesome-looking, the teenage girl next door. Her father manages a restaurant in New York City; her mother works in the records department of a city hospital. "I didn't start using heroin until I was 13. I guess I started using drugs to be like everyone else. There were older kids that I looked up to, but there were kids my age, they were also using drugs. I wanted to try it too. I messed around with pills and pot. Then I went to Israel for a summer and came back, and all my friends were on heroin. I snorted a couple of times, skinned a lot, and after that I maimed it. I was sent to a school for emotionally disturbed children. Getting drugs there was easier for me than on the streets. Except for heroin. There wasn't too much of that.

"I don't know if I would have been accepted by my friends if I hadn't used drugs. My feelings are that I wouldn't have been. I wanted to be like them. They were all using drugs because they got bored with things. My parents never spoke to me once about drugs before I got involved. After I got involved, I used to see my father, but my father wouldn't say anything. My mother used to lay down a few rules. I talked to them about it. I used to go and tell my mother, kind of hoping that she'd say to me 'Stop and that's final.' But she never did."

**TED**, 15, tall and somewhat gawky, is in serious trouble with the law: several burglary charges in a Chicago suburb where he lives, possession of narcotics, and truancy. He has taken overdoses twice in recent months; his parents found him sprawled out, unconscious. "In eighth grade I started glue sniffing. It

was the only thing around and it was pretty widespread, but I got bored with it after the first few times. Drugs were starting to catch on then, and some older guys turned me on to marijuana." Then it was LSD and amphetamines, and finally heroin. "I knew people who shot, and I wanted to see how it affected them. I wanted to get stoned. I shot smack nine or ten times. After the first quarter of freshman year, I didn't care. I didn't have the will power and I just cut out. I was going for anything that would give me a high. I've shot a lot of cocaine and gotten stoned on smack. I never really worried about a habit because I'd known people who'd taken a lot more than me and stopped. After a while, though, kids don't care if they get hooked. I feel I can learn a lot from all this. It's like burning your hand. Now I really have no desire to go back on drugs. I want to stay clean."

Ted's father, a conservatively dressed public relations executive: "We asked about drugs, but he denied that he was taking anything. He's been burning incense for years, reading books about the East. And I thought he was going Oriental. In late January, I saw needle marks in his arms. I'd say 'Those look like needle marks,' and he'd answer 'Just a bruise.' There just isn't any help—not the family doctor or the hospital or the police or the school."

Ted's forthright, attractive mother: "It was like he was bewitched. People kept saying he'd grow out of it. It took a while to sink in. You just don't want to believe it. It's the helplessness that's the worst part. You're scared to get up in the morning. You don't know what you'll find. The real need is where to get help, someone to talk to, somewhere to turn."

**BILL** is 16, pale and a bit withdrawn; his father is a New York City librarian. "There were no big problems with my family. The main thing is that the friends I was with—there was so much drugs that everybody was using them. My friends would say let's get high. I didn't want to say no, so I got high with them. I'd just say all right. I got started through drinking and then smoking reefers. I started heroin when I was 14. I wasn't really strung out [badly addicted]. I wouldn't get sick and upset. I used to take money from my father's drawer and ask for money on the street, some change sometimes. I used to get heroin from anywhere. I'd get it in my building, the next building, on the street corners. I got arrested with my friends. We were shooting up in the hallway, and a cop came along and busted us.

"My sister used to tell me all the time that I was stupid. My father, he's 37 or 38. He used to talk to me when he found out; he used to sit down for about 45 minutes or an hour and talk to me and then I'd say O.K., I'm not going to use it no more. He used to touch me sometimes, and I would cry. Once I left the

BOD CONDS FOR "BOD'S TURF"



MAINLINING IN SPANISH HARLEM  
A nightmare beyond description.



house and went back out, it might be in my mind for a little while not to use drugs, but once they showed it to me and I had money, I'd just say well, I'll get high. Right after my father talked to me, I'd go right back out and get high."

Bill's mother confesses: "We knew nothing. Billy used to come in after a high, but he would act animated and alert. A couple of times we found him passed out on the couch. We just figured he was tired. He could have stayed right on the couch and died of an overdose. We wouldn't have known." Adds his father: "Last summer, we thought Billy was on something. We hoped it was pills or pot. What if it's heroin? What can you do then? You just kind of wish it away. Now I feel as if I have nothing left."

JEFFREY, 19, slight and almost frail, started on marijuana at 15 and went through LSD and amphetamines before he got into heroin at 18. "I started on smack exactly on the third anniversary of the first time I smoked pot. I'd never stuck a needle in my arm before, and I was petrified. I didn't know what to expect. A friend hit us up. For me, it was a thrill thing. I spent whole weekends hitting up. I was enjoying it more and more. I

Every time you stick that needle in your arm, you're playing with your life."

Jeffrey's father, a prosperous Chicago wholesaler: "A psychiatrist told me and our doctor that Jeff would grow out of it. I say if you feel they're on anything, that's the time to stop them. Explain to them that they'll go on to something worse. We never denied him anything. Maybe we were too easy. But we always felt he respected us. We don't drink. We don't run around. We lead a good conservative life. The hopeful thing to me: he does want help. My son? Ridiculous—until it happens to you."

Jeffrey's mother, expensively dressed, beautifully coiffed: "We have a religious home. We were totally ignorant. We knew he smoked marijuana, but he never got into trouble. He was always a good boy. He never gave us any problems. I don't think I'll ever be the same. I'm always wondering—is he taking it or not? If he starts again, it'll kill me. I couldn't take much more."

#### Respectability for Heroin

Obviously, one of the obstacles to early detection of heroin addiction in a teen-ager is the unwillingness of middle- or upper-class parents to acknowledge the idea that their son or daughter is seriously hooked on heroin. The customary

## The Symptoms of

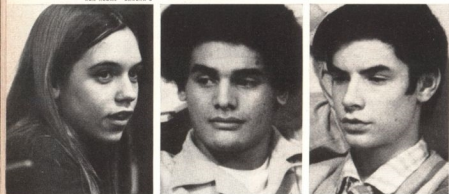
**H**OW can a parent tell if a child is using heroin? No single sign is certain proof. The drug affects individuals differently, and many symptoms can be indicators of other youthful maladies. But any sudden change in a child's manner or habits should put parents on guard. What to watch for:

► Early stages of use are characterized by abrupt changes of mood and behavior, such as loss of interest in school, dates, sports and other activities, truancy, carelessness about personal appearance. Also by unusual seclusiveness, frequent talking or reading about drugs, loss of appetite, increased thirst, constipation. While "high," a user may act drowsy or intoxicated or show a lack of concern for pain. The pupils of his eyes may contract to pinpoints.

► After developing tolerance to the drug, a user may be able to work and converse normally under its influence. Loss of appetite and constipation will continue; he may look pale and undernourished. Look for signs of injections: black and blue tattoo-like marks, small scars or long scars along veins, especially on forearms, backs of hands and insteps, small drops of blood on clothing. An addict may keep his sleeves rolled down to hide marks.

► Withdrawal symptoms, when use of heroin has been interrupted, are the easiest indicators to spot: restlessness, nervousness, excessive yawning and sweating, running nose and eyes, twitching,

KEVIN KAGAN—CANNARA 2



ADDICTS AT MANHATTAN'S ODYSSEY HOUSE  
From snorting to skin popping to mainlining.

started hitting up once a day, and a couple of months later I started shooting two and three times a day.

"It's not the high with heroin. It's that rush for the first minute, when it hits your bloodstream. It's one minute of heaven, that first jolt. Right after, you feel good. In two or three hours you get nervous, wondering where your next fix is coming from. I started begging, doing anything. All my time was spent raising money for a fix."

Except for marijuana, Jeffrey has now been clean—off drugs—for several months. "Heroin is a death trip," he says today. "I really enjoyed it. But once you get the habit, you're in trouble. One good friend is in the hospital with an \$80-a-day habit. Another is almost dead from hepatitis. Two others I know, one a girl, died from overdoses.

last resorts in personal crisis are undependable. Parents tend to trust doctors implicitly, for example. But one 17-year-old girl from New York's suburban Westchester County arrived in a New York hospital for a checkup with fresh needle marks all over her arm. "The doctors kidded me about it," she says. "They said, 'Oh, oh, we know what you are doing.'" Yet they never told her parents.

Once parents discover that their child is using heroin, inevitably they blame themselves; in such tragedies, families can spend a lifetime unraveling the twisting threads of guilt without ever resolving where it lies. More immediately, however, it is important that parents learn how to recognize the symptoms of addiction (see box above). If they do not, or if they refuse to accept the

YOUNG PUERTO RICAN



## Youthful Addiction

cramps, vomiting and diarrhea. Pupils may be wide open. This period can last up to three days.

At all stages, a user may be desperate for money. Parents should watch for disappearance of salable objects from the house.

Heroin addicts are often extremely cunning in avoiding detection. The drug usually comes in little glassine bags. It is a fine white, gray or brown powder, very bitter to the taste. The tools needed for an injection usually consist of a hypodermic syringe, often made from an eyedropper and a needle, a spoon or bottle cap (to dissolve the heroin), and cotton balls (to strain it).

A parent should calmly confront a younger child with his suspicions without accusing or condemning him. He should take the child to a clinic, doctor or psychiatrist for an examination. If an older child flatly refuses examination, the parent should turn to juvenile court or social agencies for help. Some states have forced commitment to narcotics treatment centers, others permit voluntary rehabilitation.

In areas where such programs are inadequate, parents unfortunately have little choice but to go to the police. That step is a difficult one to contemplate, but a hooked child is almost certain to end up in police hands anyway as he steals to maintain his ever more expensive habit.

harsh evidence, the chance of saving their child from an early death or a ruined life can be irretrievably lost. One well-to-do Washington, D.C., father, whose 16-year-old started on heroin at 14 and is now in a Virginia detention home, says bitterly: "I would not trust my son in my house. They'll just have to keep him away until he straightens himself out. I've been kicked in the teeth so many times."

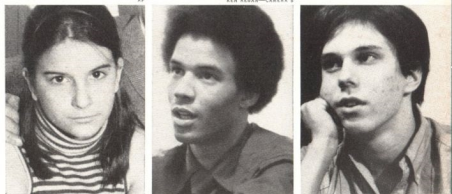
### Heroin's New Image

Why have children and heroin come together now in this deadly combination? According to Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld, who has treated young addicts in San Francisco and writes a popular "Dr. Hippocrates" column in the *Berkeley Barb*, explains: "There is a growing use of heroin among young people because young people tend to value the respect of their peers above everything else. Taking the most dangerous drug you can find is a way of gaining that respect. It's a kind of *machismo* thing."

Says New York's Dr. Donald Louria: "We are seeing an era of multiple use of any and every kind of drug. And it is moving so fast that it is different this year from last year." The traditional barriers between much of society and the users of such hard drugs

five that he will go on to more dangerous drugs." As Larry Alan Bear, New York City's addiction services commissioner, sees it: "In some cases, the attitude toward the straight world is, 'Look, you kill yourselves with cigarettes and booze; let me use what I want to.' Other times, it's simply an 'up-yours' attitude."

In the ghetto, alienation from the rest of society is nothing new. The children of affluent middle-class America have just begun to turn to narcotics in frustration or perhaps boredom with the world. They may be taking the permissiveness in which they were raised too literally. Sociologists William Simon and John Gagnon suggest: "We have become, as a nation, a population of pill-takers. Both the actual miracle and the myth of modern medicine have made the use of drugs highly legitimate. Our children, in being casual about drugs, far from being in revolt against an older generation, may in fact be acknowledging how influential a model that generation was." Add to that the painful adjustments that every adolescent must endure—the physical and emotional challenges of puberty, the hazard-strewn search for self-discovery—and any drug can mean danger to all but the most stable. Like alcohol, mar-



YOUTHFUL NEW YORK DRUG VICTIMS

*The toughest of monkeys to get off your back.*

as heroin, cocaine and morphine are collapsing. "Heroin has become respectable," says Mrs. Harriet Benjamin, a worker at Synanon in Santa Monica, Calif. "The image of the dirty old man in the schoolyard is dead." Ten years ago, middle-class high school kids looked down on heroin users; now it has shed the fear and the lower-class taint. Heroin users are no longer an exclusive club. Heroin is part of the larger drug scene.

Part of the problem is that to the young, the adult world sets only a hypocritical example. Parents warn their children against pot, which most kids find harmless. Many of the young smoke marijuana and leave it at that, although Dr. Louria warns that "if a young person smokes marijuana on more than ten occasions, the chances are one in

ijuana may not be risky for a secure adult, but to an anxious teen-ager it offers a seductive release from the hard reality of growing up. His judgment is unformed, and he may all too readily go on to harder drugs.

### A Flower at the Beginning

Rooting out illegal dealing in heroin poses vastly complex problems. The heroin market is enormously profitable, and drying up the sources of supply involves an incredible tangle of such fractious forces as foreign governments and the U.S.'s own *Cosa Nostra*.

The flow begins with the white-to-purple-flowered opium poppy, *Papaver somniferum*, an annual plant grown as a cash crop in Turkey, Mexico and the "golden triangle" of Southeast Asia: the northern portions of Burma, Thai-

KILLED BY HEROIN



## How Addicts Are Treated

**H**EROIN was believed to be harmless when it was developed in Germany in 1898 as a morphine substitute and cough suppressant. Only later was it realized that it was twice as potent as morphine. No one treatment for heroin addiction works in all cases, and there are almost as many approaches to the problem as there are experts.

One method is the so-called "British system," based on the operating premise that heroin addiction is a sickness, not a crime. As originally conceived, the system allowed British physicians who were convinced that complete withdrawal would endanger the addict's physical and mental health to prescribe maintenance doses of the drug. This was permitted only if the addict patient could not be persuaded to undergo a cure or enter an institution. The program had one obvious advantage: by making drugs legally available, it eliminated the addict's dependence on black-market suppliers and made it unnecessary for him to steal to support his habit.

The law also had disadvantages. Continuing rather than curing drug addiction, it led to an increase in addict registration: the number of known heroin addicts rose from 454 in 1959 to 2,782 by 1968. The system was also subject to abuse. Some doctors grossly overprescribed heroin to addicts, who sold what they did not use. Their action forced the government to change the law in 1968 so that only specially designated consultants at certain hospitals could prescribe drugs.

Another approach to the problem of heroin addiction is the methadone maintenance program. Pioneered in New York beginning in 1964 by Drs. Vincent Dole and Marie Nyswander, the program involves switching an addict from heroin, which can cost \$50 or more a day on the black market, to methadone, a synthetic substitute that can be made available legally for about 15¢ for a day's dosage. Administered as part of a total rehabilitation program involving counseling and therapy, methadone eases heroin withdrawal and blocks heroin's euphoric effects. This enables an addict to function normally and hold a job, something that few heroin users can do. But methadone itself is addictive, which means that those who use it must either be helped to taper off from the synthetic, or continue their habit for the rest of their lives. Methadone advocates maintain that this is no worse than a diabetic's daily use of insulin.

Many medical and legal authorities object to substituting one form of addiction for another. Others are concerned about the lack of supervision in some treatment centers. Unless the cen-

ters check urine samples daily, addicts can continue to use heroin. But the program has solid support among those addicts enrolled, who see in it their only hope of leading a relatively normal life. Their hope is justified by a recent study of New York's methadone program. According to Dr. Dole, 82% of those who originally enrolled in the New York program are still participating, and three-quarters are now either at school or at work. But funds and facilities are limited. Only 2,500 are participating in the New York program, and thousands of others are on a nine- to twelve-month waiting list for admission, a situation that Dr. Dole compares to "asking someone to wait for artificial respiration."

The most accepted means of dealing with the drug addict is through a small, controlled therapeutic community. These residential communities first detoxify, then attempt to rehabilitate the drug user by restructuring his ego and life pattern. Some, like California's famed Synanon, are run largely by former addicts. They accept only those who have proved their determination to kick the heroin habit, and seek to increase the addict's understanding of himself and his problems through often brutal group-encounter sessions. Others, like New York's city-run Phoenix and Horizon Houses, utilize both ex-addicts and professionals.

Still others, like Marathon House, serving the Providence, R.I.-Attleboro, Mass., area, rely heavily on addicts and ex-addicts to help one another under staff scrutiny. A few, like the two federal narcotics hospitals at Lexington, Ky., and Fort Worth, Texas, are more conservatively run; most of their patients are ordered there by the courts rather than entering voluntarily and have less motivation for reform. More than 90% eventually return to heroin.

The programs in a therapeutic community are long, running from 18 to 36 months for an individual. Though those who leave the communities often return to narcotics, most of those who complete the programs stay on, forming a cadre to help other addicts through the ordeal of rehabilitation. A few go on to form similar communities. More than five Synanon chapters have sprung up across the country since Synanon was founded in 1958.

There is no agreement within the medical community as to which of these approaches is best, and there is serious competition for the relatively small amount of money available to combat addiction. "Everyone sees everyone else as a threat to his program," says one New York physician, and his observation is as accurate as it is unfortunate. For while the experts are arguing, people are becoming addicted and dying.

land and Laos. The U.S. is putting heavy pressure on Turkey to end legal poppy growing, so far without much success. Raw opium is converted into so-called morphine base; much of the U.S. supply is refined into heroin at simple clandestine laboratories in southern France. It has come into the U.S. concealed in the toilets of international jets, in cans carrying Spanish fish labels, in hollowed-out ski poles, in automobiles, in false-bottomed wine bottles and crates, in shipments of electronic equipment—the smugglers' ingenuity is inexhaustible, and the supply of lawmen to deal with it is not large. The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs has 850 agents. They have not always been above temptation: 14 were indicted in 1969 for drug trafficking. U.S. Customs men are spread thin; in New York there are only 15 on the drug beat at the airports and on the entire waterfront. Says one: "This is like being a blind goalie in a hockey game."

Much of the heroin traffic, notably in New York City and Miami, is financed and handled by the Mafia, but over the past five years more and more independents and amateurs have crowded into the act: Cubans, Puerto Ricans, blacks, even a few hippies. Top Mafia bosses supposedly banned all dope peddling in 1957 to clean up their image and avoid prosecutions, but, as Informer Joe Valachi said in 1963, "there is always somebody sneaking."

### What Can Education Do?

That is not surprising, considering the temptation of astronomical profits. One kilogram—2.2 lbs.—of morphine base is worth \$350 in Turkey; after it is refined to heroin in France, the price jumps to \$3,500; unloaded in New York City, it is worth \$18,000 before dilution. By the time the heroin gets to the street pusher, it is in one-ounce lots of 25% heroin—the rest is usually milk sugar or quinine—that cost the pusher \$500 each. The pusher further cuts the diluted drug into glassine packets of 5% heroin, which he sells for \$5 each—the so-called "nickel bag"—to the user. The original kilo has now grossed \$225,000 for suppliers, traffickers, pushers and peddlers. The first user often splits the nickel bag into even smaller quantities that he resells for \$2 or \$3, making a profit that he himself can use to help support his habit. Because the addict often does not know just how strong the stuff he has bought really is, he can easily give himself an overdose that makes him unconscious or even kills him.

Federal officials concede that law enforcement alone is not enough. "To talk only in terms of eliminating the illicit drug supply is, in my judgment, a shortsighted approach," says John Ingersoll, the BNDD director. "What we need is a concomitant long-range program that will eliminate the demand." To that end, the bureau sends out speakers and brochures to teachers, school ad-





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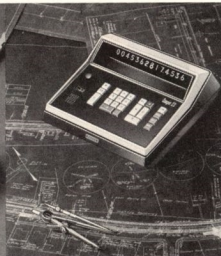
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ministrators and community leaders. In the New York City school system, drug education now starts in the fourth grade.

Irwin Tobin, who runs the New York City program, insists that "the drug problem was not created by the schools, and it will never be solved by the schools alone." He adds: "Some principals still don't think they have a problem, or just don't want to admit it." At Manhattan's Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, Principal Bernard Walker has group sessions for parents and kids, and every day he reads a news article about drugs over the school public address system. Are drugs available at Wagner? "I don't think so," Walker answers carefully. "I don't think so."

Education programs are of no use to children who are already using drugs. "They can keep showing those movies in school for ten or 20 years and the kids are going to keep shooting up in

year-old in the New York City Phoenix House program, who started on heroin in Harlem at twelve, complains: "Up there it's easier to get it than to avoid it. This is a good reason why the blacks are so mad that the police don't bust all the very obvious pushers. They don't because they are paid off."

Warren Blake, a black police community relations officer in Harlem, asks: "You know what the people up here are saying? Now that white people's kids are involved, the politicians are worried." There is undoubtedly truth in that plaint, though everyone dealing with teen-age addiction vehemently agrees that governmental efforts in law enforcement, education, treatment and rehabilitation are so far barely more than a gesture; most U.S. cities have simply no facilities whatever for handling teen-age addicts, and even New York officially has no public funds

## LABOR

### Vindication for Jock Yablonski

As the rebel candidate for the presidency of the United Mine Workers of America, Joseph ("Jock") Yablonski charged that the U.M.W. was "the most notoriously dictatorial labor union in America." When he was defeated by Incumbent W.A. ("Tony") Boyle last December, Yablonski protested that the election had been a fraud. After Yablonski, his wife and 25-year-old daughter were found murdered, Boyle still dismissed the fraud charges as "wild allegations" and claimed that his union had been the "victim of a journalistic lynching bee." Last week the Labor Department moved to vindicate Jock Yablonski. It asked federal courts to throw out the election on the grounds of gross voting irregularities.

The federal move was belated, an obvious reaction to the killings. Until the triple murder on New Year's Eve, Labor Secretary George Shultz had taken no effective action on the Yablonski complaints. But once he decided to act, Shultz went all out. He used 230 investigators, who conducted more than 4,400 interviews at a cost to the Government of \$500,000.

**Lengthy Litigation.** Among other things, the investigators concluded that the union had denied candidates the right to post observers at the polling places, even failed to hold elections in some locals, used union money to promote the candidacy of incumbents, failed to ensure that individual miners could cast their votes in secrecy, and subjected some anti-Boyle voters to "penalty, discipline or improper interference or reprisal." The union was also accused of failure to keep proper financial records. It will now be up to the courts to decide what to do with the Government's charges. Even if litigation—which is bound to be lengthy—ends by upholding the Government, Boyle will remain in office until a new election is held.

The union's general counsel, Edward Carey, scoffed at the charges as "minuscule." Actually, they constitute a serious and unusual action against a union by the Government. Since passage of the Landrum-Griffin Act in 1959, only three new elections have been ordered in international unions for violations as defined by that law.

If a new election is held, the most likely candidate to oppose Boyle is Elmer Brown, 52, a disabled miner from Delbarton, W. Va., who had campaigned as vice president on the Yablonski ticket. Brown contended last week that because the election was now labeled a fraud, he should immediately be named to the presidency. There is no possibility of that. In fact, lacking a leader of Yablonski's dynamism, it is questionable—despite the furor in the union over the slayings—that the anti-Boyle faction can mount an effective campaign against the tough union boss.



TEEN-AGERS SNIFFING DRUGS ON APARTMENT ROOFTOP  
*The high price of their peers' respect.*

the bathroom," says an 18-year-old New Yorker who has been on drugs most of his teen-age life. "When I was shooting up, I liked to read about other junkies in the papers. It fed my sickness. I liked to hear about the ODs [overdose cases], and I'd think I was brave for taking it." For kids on junk, of all the forms of treatment or temporizing that have been tried (see box, page 20), the residential group therapy center seems to provide the strongest support. The theory is that kids get each other on junk, and kids can help each other get off it. Parents are not quite helpless, but their children are often more immediately influenced by schoolmates and friends.

Blacks are understandably resentful that the problem of teen-age heroin addiction is suddenly getting attention because it has reached the white middle class. They have lived with it for two decades in the ghetto, and they are rightly enraged when a Narcotics Bureau official says that it was a problem—"but it was one we could live with." A 20-

specifically for treating addicts under 18.

At Synanon, where success with adult addicts who stay within the supportive framework of the house is high but sadly lower with those who leave completely, Synanon Official Bill Ullman contends: "There is no cure for heroin." Dr. Densen-Gerber believes that teen-agers will be easier to help than adult addicts, if only because they are more resilient physically and emotionally and highly responsive to peer group influence inside a treatment center. But she is at a loss to deal with the Ralphies, the pre-teen junkies who are unable to comprehend that the alternatives to treatment are jail or death. "The more children his age we get," she says, "the more new theories will we have to develop. How are we going to reach the Ralphies?" She adds: "Each child infects other children. We cannot let them walk around. We have to treat them. We have no choice. If there were thousands of kids afflicted with smallpox, would you let them roam the streets?"



# A Whig in the White House:

**L**IBERALISM is a fractured philosophy: that is one of the most obvious and most important facts about the American political scene. Conservatives or just cool pragmatists in the Nixon Administration are attacking, one by one, the most cherished liberal beliefs and programs. Both the beliefs and the programs are suddenly seen to be vulnerable because their backers clung to them too uncritically, too long, without sufficient regard for changing conditions. Close to the heart of this attack, and in a sense symbolizing it, is Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the President's Urban Affairs Counsellor, a man singularly well equipped to speak to both liberals and conservatives—and to infuriate both.

Last week a carefully argued memo, written by Moynihan and intended for the President only, was leaked to the press—and created a furor. Countering the present pessimism about civil rights, Moynihan told Nixon that Negroes, in fact, made "extraordinary progress" during the 1960s. The family income of blacks considerably increased; the number of Negroes in professional and technical jobs doubled. Moynihan allowed that bitter hostility toward whites was widespread among young blacks and that the Nixon Administration had done little to reassure the Negro community. Nevertheless, he wondered if it was not time for "a period of 'benign neglect'" on the subject of race. "We may need a period in which Negro progress continues and racial rhetoric fades."

Whatever its intent, it is a phrase that will undoubtedly cling to Moynihan and the Nixon Administration. The President liked the memorandum and asked for its wide circulation. It went to three other White House assistants, four Cabinet members, and no fewer than 25 copies circulated around HEW, where, Moynihan suspects, the leak occurred. Reaction from liberals was swift. Twenty-one civil rights leaders made a highly emotional public reply, complaining that the memo was a "flagrant and shameful political document." It all depended on how the memo was read: it was, after all, written in the context of White House infighting; it could easily be interpreted as a slightly veiled attack on the conservatives in the Administration, especially John Mitchell: "At the risk of indiscretion, may I put it that lawyers are not professionally well-equipped to do much to prevent crime."

## Power At an Ideological Price

There is nothing new in Pat Moynihan's sparking controversy. His memos have a habit of finding their way into print. Back in 1965, when he was an Assistant Secretary of Labor, he wrote a confidential report on the state of the Negro family; one of the chief factors condemning Negroes to poverty, he argued, was the unstable matriarchy created by the absence of fathers in so many homes. When the report got into the press, blacks and whites alike hotly denounced Moynihan for emphasizing black culpability more than white discrimination. In a book published last year, *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*, he argued that the anti-poverty program exemplified splendidly the failure of par-

ticipatory democracy. Many of his old friends in the New Frontier were angered and appalled.

Liberals find it hard to understand why Moynihan, who claims to be one of their own, spends much of his time rebutting his own creed. The answer is that Moynihan is a very undoctinaire liberal who wants to get things done—and is willing to pay a certain ideological price to do so. This attitude distinguishes him from what Political Analyst Richard Scammon has dubbed the "uptight liberal" who insists on purity of doctrine, forgets that

politics is the business of solving problems, and eats soul food even though he does not like it. By this standard, Moynihan qualifies as a downright loose liberal. He is loose in ideology—perfectly willing to blend liberal with conservative programs. He is loose in party affiliation, having served both Democratic and Republican administrations. He even acts loose. Amid the good gray personalities of the Nixon Administration Moynihan sports sideburns, drinks his whiskey straight and displays a puckish humor.

When liberals chide him for joining a conservative Republican Administration, he retorts that too many of them have lost their way in contemporary America. They have, he believes, substituted moral fervor for political analysis. Many have "a frenzied attachment to the apocalypse," he says. "They see society in ahistorical terms: what is not altogether acceptable is altogether unacceptable; gradations are ignored and

incremental movements are scorned." Many contemporary liberals, he says, have become arrogant and isolated from the rest of society because of their affluence. Today's liberal is "a well-educated middle-class person with an immense feeling of security and status and an almost impervious conditioning. This has led to an extraordinary decline in the sensitivity of liberal political thinking. Liberals have come to view the working-class experience as somehow debasing, and that amounts to a debasement of the only experience most people have. I have the feeling that behind a great deal of liberal posturing is nothing more than a Tory will to power."

## An Income Strategy

Moynihan feels free to accept or reject liberal programs on the basis of their practicality. For this reason, he can work with Richard Nixon, who is also a pragmatist, though a conservative one. Both Moynihan and Nixon have questioned whether money alone is the answer to the nation's education problems or whether integration alone is an ultimate panacea for racial ills. This position, of course, can be an excuse for doing nothing at all, but Moynihan is as persuaded as Nixon that the country cannot be run from Washington, and he vigorously supports the President's call for a revitalization of local initiative and a sharing of federal revenues with the states. He has sharply criticized the federal highway program and much of urban renewal because they have insensitively uprooted local communities.

Like Nixon, Moynihan wants to keep the Federal Government from interfering excessively in individual lives. Thus, he proposes an "income strategy" to replace the "service strategy" traditionally favored by liberals. Instead of government providing the services—and the red tape—funds would go directly to the individual citizen, who



MOYNIHAN

\* A phrase first used in 1839 by the Earl of Durham, Governor General of Canada; in a report to Parliament he praised the Whiggish policy of "benign neglect" toward Canada, which had helped, he said, move that country toward self-government.

# Daniel P. Moynihan

would decide himself how to spend them. Moynihan would, in fact, restore a market economy for federal services; a recipient of federal aid would be able to choose among competing suppliers of services, whether housing, schools or medical care.

During his stay at the White House, Moynihan has seen one of his ideas reach the legislation stage. He was the principal author of the income-maintenance program that was voted out of the House Ways and Means Committee last week and stands an excellent chance of being passed by Congress this session. The program is a liberal-conservative hybrid. By guaranteeing a basic income for every U.S. family (\$1,600 for a family of four) and doubling welfare expenditures to more than \$8 billion, it appeals to the left. By requiring the head of every household who receives welfare aid to apply for a job or job training, it is palatable to the right. Beyond that, it may turn out to be the most important single piece of domestic legislation since the early New Deal.

Pat Moynihan is not exactly delighted about stirring up political storms, but he certainly thrives on them. His personality itself is something of a storm; people feel that it is heavy, but not unpleasant weather when he is around. Always approachable and cheerfully argumentative, he can, as a friend puts it, "elevate a pub crawl into an intellectual experience." With a memory that is rapacious for detail, he can reel off poetry as if it were statistics and make statistics sound much like poetry. He is friendly even with his ideological opponents like Arthur Burns, the conservative chairman of the Federal Reserve Board.

Moynihan did not have a conventional liberal upbringing. There were books in his home, it is true, but they were always in danger of being repossessed, like the family auto. When he was eleven, his father, a ne'er-do-well newsman, walked out on the family, which partly explains Pat's lifelong preoccupation with broken homes. To provide for her daughter and two sons, Pat's mother became a night nurse and later opened a bar in Hell's Kitchen on Manhattan's West Side; Pat often served as bartender.

## A Taste for Aristocracy

After graduating from Tufts University, Moynihan went to the London School of Economics where he underwent not so much an intellectual as a social conversion. "In England," he fondly reminisces, "the next best thing to being aristocratic and having an entree into society is being connected with the Labor Party. Every time you turned around, you were face to face with the Queen." He blossomed out in Savile Row suits and developed a taste for fine food and wines. Captious critics suggest that England gave him the airs of an Edwardian intellectual dandy who became intoxicated with the sound of his own voice; it is perhaps more accurate to say that London life turned him into a spiritual descendant of the Whigs—the 18th and early-19th century oligarchs who combined a sense of personal elitism with a certainty that they knew what was best for society. In any case, the experience imbued him with a fondness for place and a lively sense of the past. He is the contented owner of a 300-

acre farm in the land of James Fenimore Cooper in upstate New York, where he spends summers with his wife Elizabeth and their three children.

When Moynihan returned to New York, he simultaneously began to contribute articles to Manhattan journals and to get involved in politics. "In the Jewish culture," says Harvard Sociologist Nathan Glazer, "you get out of poverty by going to college and becoming a lawyer or an intellectual. In the Irish culture, you get out by going into politics. Pat did both. He links the Jewish intelligentsia and the world of politics." On the intellectual side, he collaborated with Glazer in writing *Beyond the Melting Pot* (1963), a groundbreaking study that pointed out how strongly America's various ethnic groups have resisted assimilation. In politics, he worked on Harriman's 1954 campaign for Governor of New York and later became Assistant Secretary of Labor under John Kennedy. The assassination hit him hard. "I don't think there's any point in being Irish," he said at the time, "if you don't think the world is going to break your heart eventually." In 1966, he accepted an invitation to head the Joint Center for Urban Studies at Harvard and MIT. While there, he wrote an article for the *Public Interest* that caught Nixon's eye; the President decided that Moynihan was just the man to advise him on city problems.

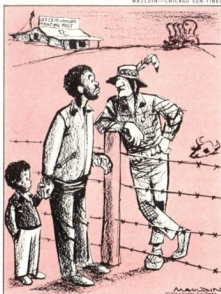
## Politics of Flamboyance

Moynihan's Celtic exuberance often gets him into trouble. To be flamboyantly candid is not the safest form of political behavior. Last fall, when it became apparent that federal spending on domestic programs would not markedly increase after the Viet Nam War, he could not resist telling reporters that the peace dividend would be as "evanescent as the morning mists over San Clemente." White House economists had to reassure the nation that the potential dividend was not all that evanescent. He is also an inept administrator. Partly to make White House operations more orderly, partly to relieve Moynihan of bureaucratic routine, Nixon recently elevated him to a Cabinet-level Counselor—and took away his staff.

His power may be somewhat clipped, but Moynihan, according to one White House aide, "still charms the pants off the President." "Some of his memos to Nixon are masterpieces," says a presidential aide, "and people in the White House would rather read Moynihan's stuff than anybody else's." His usefulness, however, may be coming to an end. He foresees tight budgets that will not permit more social experimentation of the scope of the welfare program. He also disagrees with many of the policies of Vice President Agnew and Attorney General Mitchell. When he first took the White House job, he said that he would stay only two years; he plans to stick to that timetable and leave sometime in 1970. "I'm a guest there," he has

been heard to remark about his job.

But he is a guest who will be remembered and no doubt invited once again. Moynihan realizes that liberals constitute a minority in the house of American politics, and he is shrewd enough to know how to deal effectively with his host. Both in his politics and in his personality, Moynihan—unlike many doctrinaire liberals—has kept lines of communication open; he has tried to keep liberalism from congealing. No better service can be performed for any political creed.



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oven sits between the built-in refrigerator-freezer and the stainless steel double sink. There are overhead cabinets, drawers and work space with drop leaf extension. The bathroom has the usual facilities, lavatory, marine toilet, and telephone shower head. A bed, accommodating six-footers, is made up from the rear lounge and there's a divider curtain for privacy. Another divider curtain up front is for use during nighttime driving. Otherwise the driver's compartment is a part of the entire motor home complex.

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## THE WORLD

### Laos: Detailing the Commitment

FOR weeks, the White House publicly ignored the mounting concern and criticism over the U.S. role in Laos. Last week, amid congressional warnings that the nation might be slipping into another Viet Nam situation, the Administration decided to strip a good deal of the secrecy from its operation in Laos. At Richard Nixon's Key Biscayne hideaway, newsmen were handed a six-page, 3,000-word presidential statement that spelled out in detail for the first time the extent of America's involvement in the divided Southeast Asian country. The key points made in the statement and in a briefing by a White House official after it was released:

**GROUND TROOPS:** "There are no American ground combat troops in Laos. We have no plans for introducing ground combat forces." If the White House develops such plans, Congress would be asked to approve the move.

**AIR SUPPORT:** Though B-52s have been bombing the Ho Chi Minh Trail in eastern Laos for four years, there has been only one B-52 raid over the Plain of Jars, intended primarily to warn the Communists against carrying their latest offensive too far.

**U.S. CASUALTIES:** According to the President, "No American stationed in Laos has ever been killed in ground combat operations." But over the past six years, more than 400 American airmen, most of them stationed outside Laos, have been lost over the little country; roughly 200 are known to be dead, and the balance are listed as missing or captured.

**U.S. REINFORCEMENTS:** There has been no increase in American personnel over the past year, the statement said. Today there are 616 Americans directly employed in Laos by the U.S. Government and another 424 U.S. contract employees. But North Viet Nam, the President continued, has sent an additional 13,000 combat troops over the past several months, for a total of 67,000.

**Policy Puzzle.** Numbers, numbers, numbers—but is there any safety in them? Nixon's statement went a long way toward dispelling the notion that the U.S. was moving secretly toward a new Viet Nam. But it also made clear that the U.S. has no clear-cut objectives in Laos except, in the President's words, "to protect American lives in Viet Nam and to preserve a precarious but important balance in Laos." An uneasy balance had been maintained from July 1962 until last fall, when Laotian government troops surprised themselves and most observers by pushing the North Vietnamese and their Pathet Lao allies off the strategic Plain of Jars. Last month the Communists struck back, and what worries many U.S. officials is that they might go on to attack hitherto sacrosanct Laotian government

positions south and west of the Plain.

If they do, how will the U.S. respond? That, and not the secrecy of the U.S. role, is the crucial issue, and it is one that has policymakers most concerned. Nixon was silent on this point. Heavier bombing is one possible riposte, but air attacks have done little to slow the enemy so far. Ground troops are out of the question. For the time being, therefore, Nixon is trying diplomatic means. Last week he sent a letter off to Britain's Harold Wilson and the Soviet Union's Aleksei Kosygin, co-chairmen of the 1962 Geneva Conference, urging them to fulfill their responsibility for seeing that its accords are honored.

**Greater Heed.** Realistically, the chances of gaining Soviet cooperation are slim. Wilson has already approached the Soviets on several occasions to seek just such help: each time he has been rebuffed. Asked why the White House felt that things might now change, an official in Key Biscayne said that Moscow might pay greater heed to a direct appeal from Nixon himself. He admitted, however, that there was no reason to expect any particular response at all from Moscow. A snub would shrink the list of policy options still further. Some officials, despairing of finding a more suitable course, are even discussing the possibility of resuming the bombing of North Viet Nam. But few moves would so surely arouse the currently dormant peace movement in the U.S.

In Vientiane, Premier Souvanna Phouma did his best to play down the effect of the U.S. admission that it had broken the Geneva accords, since North Viet Nam has never publicly admitted its own deep involvement. Souvanna also discounted the latest military reverses. "In my opinion," he said, "the situation is not alarming. It is not



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necessary to believe that because we lost the Plain of Jars, tomorrow the North Vietnamese will be in Vientiane and Laos will be conquered." The U.S. bombing in Laos will stop, Souvanna added, only when North Viet Nam pulls its troops out of Laos.

Such a withdrawal is unlikely as long as the Viet Nam War continues. In Washington, nevertheless, some Senators found reasons for optimism in Nixon's bid to Wilson and Kosygin. Maryland Republican Charles Mathias, a critic of the Laos effort, said the Nixon initiative "may well open up broad opportunities for peace throughout Southeast Asia." South Dakota's Democratic Senator George McGovern said Nixon's action could spare the U.S. from another ground war. Yet another longtime critic was less sanguine. Nixon's statement, said Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J.W. Fulbright, "does not encourage me as to the prospects for a Viet Nam peace." More unsettling was the initial Soviet reaction. Tass, the official Soviet news agency, commented sourly that Nixon's statements had "satisfied nobody." It seemed clear that Moscow was in no hurry to help the U.S. cool down the situation. The Communist side now holds the initiative in Laos. To keep the peace there, the U.S., ironically, is dependent on how the foe behaves.



SOUVANNA PHOUMA IN VIENTIANE

## THE PHILIPPINES

### The Shark's Fin

"When the students look at the government, they are oppressed by the feeling that the nation's resources are going to waste, or worse, are being cornered by a few people. What they see is in large measure true."

Those surprisingly candid words appeared last week in a statement by Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos. They convey a sudden new respect for the student demonstrators who have marched and rioted in Manila's streets practically every week since late January. The determined student protesters have triggered the Philippines' worst political crisis since the island nation achieved independence in 1946.

Last week, in their second assault since January on the U.S. embassy, the college youths were joined by some unemployed slumdweller and by scores of Manila's striking "jeepney" drivers. The demonstrators were dispersed by wicker-shielded police before they reached the embassy. Three days later, student leaders angrily rejected Manila Mayor Antonio Villegas' plea for a ban on demonstrations and announced that they would conduct organized protests against the government at least once a week.

As Marcos has begun to realize,

## Anatomy of a Limited War

*For the past three years, TIME Correspondent David Greenway has covered the war in Southeast Asia. In this report from Vientiane, Greenway sums up the reasons behind the Laotian crisis.*

THE U.S. and North Viet Nam are involved in Laos for precisely the same reason: both countries feel that their presence is necessary to prosecute the war in Viet Nam. Neither side will admit publicly the full extent of its involvement because both are acting in violation of the 1962 Geneva accords, which attempted to impose a neutralist settlement on this divided country.

To many observers the largely clandestine American involvement in Laos raises disturbing memories of early U.S. participation in Viet Nam. U.S. officials, however, point out that the U.S. has made no long-term commitments in Laos and that the current involvement is a holding action, to be maintained until a settlement can be worked out for Viet Nam.

Both sides have always observed certain restraints, for Laos is essentially a showdown in which neither North Viet Nam nor the U.S. wants to become overly involved. There has always been a degree of pushing and pulling during the annual wet-season and dry-season offensives. Save for air attacks, however, the U.S. has never seriously threatened North Viet Nam's hold on eastern Laos and the all-important trail networks. In turn, Hanoi has never mounted an all-out offensive against government positions along the Mekong River.

Since November 1968, the U.S. has been raising the ante in Laos. That decision was based largely on the de-escalation in Viet Nam, rather than on any increase in North Vietnamese aggression. U.S. planners believed that they could afford to stop bombing North Viet Nam only

if they increased air raids on the infiltration routes in eastern Laos. Gradually, the bombing was extended to tactical support of government troops in western Laos.

Last spring, North Vietnamese troops, for the first time, captured the important government post at Muong Soui. In retaliation—and with significant U.S. logistical assistance—government troops last fall drove the Communists off the Plain of Jars and forced the evacuation of Muong Soui. The Plain, which the Communists had held for five years, has a political significance far beyond its strategic value. Its conquest by the government constituted a significant escalation of the fighting. For prestige reasons alone, the North Vietnamese felt that they had to recapture the Plain—and they did so last month.

So far, Hanoi has done no more than regain what was lost last fall. It is highly unlikely that the North Vietnamese seek the thankless burden of occupying all of Laos. But it would be surprising if, during the current offensive, they did not try to bloody the government's nose by pushing a bit farther than before.

The Laos situation is not yet out of hand. The danger is that even modest escalation has a momentum that could provoke a bigger war in Laos than either side wants. It is reasonable that the U.S. would want to keep Prince Souvanna Phouma's government propped up while trying to extricate itself from Viet Nam. But it is debatable whether increased air and ground offensives are necessary. Instead of heating up the war in Laos, Washington might well consider cooling it down. An obvious way would be to decrease air activity, but not below the level needed to preserve Souvanna Phouma and remaining U.S. forces in Viet Nam. The problem, of course, is to determine what that level should be.



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student violence is only the visible shark fin of a dangerous, antigovernment mood. It feeds partly on old resentments, real and imagined, against American business domination of the Philippines, and partly on some specific grievances against the President. Filipinos are increasingly cynical about Marcos' 2,000,000-vote margin of victory in last November's presidential campaign—a feat that they quite reasonably believe could only have been achieved by widespread vote buying. They fear, moreover, that his pre-election spending on roads and school buildings has brought the nation to the brink of bankruptcy. The peso, recently freed to find its own level on the world currency market, has shrunk in value from 26¢ to 14¢. As a result, Filipinos face the unhappy prospect of rising inflation and rising unemployment.

**No Packing.** In common with rebellious youths elsewhere, the Philippines' protest leaders seem to be more united on what they oppose than on what they support. About a dozen student political organizations, ranging from far left to near right, agree on little beyond the need for some sort of reform. The most influential leftist group is the *Kabataang Makabayan* (Patriotic Youth League), whose Marxist-oriented leaders are accused by Marcos of being Maoists. It claims a membership of some 27,000 students, workers and peasants. The largest of the moderate groups (50,000 members) is the National Union of Students of the Philippines, which is heavily influenced by liberal thinkers within the Roman Catholic Jesuit order.

Despite their greater numbers, the moderates have been overshadowed by the Molotov-cocktail tactics of the far leftists. At the same time, advocates of peaceful change have scored one vic-

tory that could prove far more important in the long run. As a result of the student campaign, coupled with pressure from the powerful Catholic bishops, Marcos promised not to pack next year's Constitutional Convention with his own party's supporters. His pledge was especially significant, since many reformers see a new constitution as "a ray of hope for restructuring the political system," in the words of Father Pacifico Ortiz, the prestigious university president who advises the moderate Union of Students.

Ortiz and other liberal Jesuits advocate a "revolution of the heart" that will produce a stronger sense of social consciousness among landowners and businessmen. They believe primarily in orderly change and sponsor teach-ins and college courses in social reform. But they do not object to popular demonstrations, even violent ones, if the Establishment cannot otherwise be moved. More radical leaders doubt that orderly change is likely or that a new constitution will mean much. Says Monica Atienza, secretary-general of the Patriotic Youth League: "A constitution does not precede a new society. It comes after the society has been formed."

**Frail Base.** It is problematical whether either brand of reformer has the staying power to bring about real change. The demonstrations are likely to lose force when school vacations begin next month. More than half the members of recognized student political groups come from families in the top 3% of Philippine income groups and may prove a frail base for revolution. Their angry protests can nonetheless cause serious trouble for the government. Should their demonstrations get out of hand, a popular revolution would be far less likely than a military takeover.



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## MIDDLE EAST

### Lever on Lebanon

For a moment last week Golda Meir was no longer the drill-sergeant Premier of Israel but simply a woman bereaved. Accompanied by President Zalman Shazar, Mrs. Meir attended funeral services in Jerusalem for 20 Jews who were among the 47 people killed on Feb. 21 when a sabotaged Swissair jet exploded and crashed while flying from Zurich to Tel Aviv. As she spoke of Israel's doleful familiarity with "the phenomenon of the common grave," Mrs. Meir buried her face in her hands and wept. Then she dried her tears and in a firm voice urged: "Let us turn the sorrow and rage into a mighty force, real and moral. Let our anguish cry out to the world, and our rage be a lever for action to eliminate the possibility of such acts."

**Hurried Calls.** As the week progressed, Israel's lever of rage pivoted to the north and west. In a statement directed at the Beirut government to the north, Israel protested that Arab guerrillas based in Lebanon had carried out two dozen acts of violence in a recent two-week period. Unless the terrorism and incursions were stopped, warned the Israelis, Lebanon would suffer. To emphasize the point, an Israeli patrol crossed the border, blew up five abandoned houses, and warned Lebanese villagers in Arabic that worse would follow if guerrilla raids continued. Beirut protested that most of the incidents had involved the destruction of minor objectives like power lines or culverts, and accused the Israelis of overreacting. Nevertheless, no one in the Middle East takes Israeli threats lightly. Beirut's air-



STUDENTS CLASHING WITH MANILA POLICE IN FEBRUARY  
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raid warning system was brushed off and tested, and hurried calls were put through to Fedayeen Leader Yasser Arafat in Amman. Arafat's guerrillas temporarily ceased most activities and quietly pulled back from a number of advance positions close to the border between the two countries.

To the west, though bitter artillery duels across the Suez Canal continued, the war of attrition between Egypt and Israel appeared to have eased slightly. Both sides continued jet attacks, but the planes hit only scattered military targets. In a dogfight over the northern Nile delta, Israeli pilots claimed two MIG-21s downed with cannon fire—the 73rd and 74th kills of Egyptian planes since the Six-Day War.

**Internal Embarrassment.** Only last week, nearly a month after the Swiss air crash and the bombing of another jet operated by Austrian Airlines, mail and passenger service into Israel aboard 16 airlines returned to normal. For an embarrassing two-day period, even Israel's internal airline Arkia refused to handle mail for security reasons.

Despite the restoration of full service, nervous passengers seemed to be trying new routes. European planes arrived in Tel Aviv with only ten to 20 passengers aboard. El Al, which normally flies only 50% full at this time of year, was booked 77%. Said a spokesman for Israel's national airline: "We never had a better February." Apparently travelers figure that security will be tightest on the country's own planes and ticket themselves accordingly.

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

### The Hero as Garbageman

Many an athlete, once past his prime, proves unable to hold on to a job or his dignity. Emil Zátopek, 47, Czechoslovakia's four-time Olympic Gold Medal winner for long-distance running, has recently lost one job after another—but not his dignity.

An enthusiastic supporter of Alexander Dubček and his liberal reforms of 1968, Zátopek has refused to recant. After the Soviet invasion, the lanky athlete repeatedly reaffirmed his loyalty to Dubček. Before long, he was expelled from the Czechoslovak army (in which he had the rank of colonel), pushed out of his job as an athletic trainer and thrown out of the Communist Party. To support himself and his wife, Zátopek got a position as a well tester on a surveying team. When he was fired from that, too, Zátopek took the lowly job of a garbage collector in Prague.

The regime might not have minded except for one thing. Passers-by not only recognized him but often helped him unload garbage cans to show their support of his defiance. Late last year, he was fired for creating a "public disturbance." For the past few months, Zátopek has been working on a Prague construction crew, installing insulation.

## West Germany Looks to the East

*There must be, there can be, and there will be negotiations between Bonn and East Berlin.*

—Willy Brandt

WHEN the new Chancellor of West Germany uttered those words in his state-of-the-nation address in January, many of his friends and foes alike felt that he was indulging in wishful rhetoric. But last week, less than two months after his address, emissaries of Chancellor Willy Brandt arrived in East Berlin to work out plans for his visit to East German Premier Willi Stoph, who last month invited Brandt to come over for a talk. In three days of sessions, the East and West German officials were far from agreement on

its membership that is likely to bring British admission within the next couple of years.

But most of the attention has focused on Brandt's *Ostpolitik*. In addition to the East Berlin meetings, talks resumed in Moscow last week between Egon Bahr, Brandt's chief foreign adviser, and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. In Warsaw, Polish officials prepared to start a new round of discussions with a West German delegation this week. Meanwhile, Brandt was in Britain seeking support for his policy. After receiving an honorary doctorate of civil law at Oxford, Brandt said in Latin that his aim was "an equitable and lasting peace system in Europe under which individuals and na-



the details. Nevertheless, the talks are scheduled to resume this week, and West German officials still hope that some time soon the first meeting will take place between the heads of the two rival German states.

A quarter-century after the cold war began, Willy Brandt, the anti-Nazi who last October became West Germany's first postwar Socialist Chancellor, is seeking to lessen the obstacles that still divide Europe. As soon as he came to power, Brandt touched off a whirl of diplomatic activity. One of his first acts was to end West Germany's 18-month reluctance to sign the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty. Only last week, in ceremonies in Washington, Moscow and London, the pact prohibiting the spread of nuclear weaponry was finally proclaimed to be in effect. Thanks to De Gaulle's departure, Brandt also got the Common Market moving again toward the settlement of its old agricultural differences and toward an expansion of

tions are safe from coercion and can determine their own destiny."

Brandt's eastward policy has also raised fears. Some people in the West are concerned that he might make a Rapallo-like deal with the Soviet Union or that he might inadvertently compromise vital Western interests.

**Calculated Risk.** In an effort to assess the promises and perils of Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, TIME Associate Editor David Tinnin spent the past three weeks in Washington, Bonn, Berlin, Warsaw and Moscow. The following conclusions emerged:

► Given a reasonable response from Poland, Brandt is prepared to recognize within the next year the Oder-Neisse line as Germany's eastern frontier, thus ceding to Poland the huge former German territories that passed under Polish control in 1945.

► In return for better relations between the two German states in the areas of unrestricted travel and improved postal,



telephone and cable communications, Brandt would be willing to grant, within the next 18 months, *de jure* recognition to the German Democratic Republic in all international affairs. Even so, he insists that in relations between the two German states, Bonn would never consider East Germany a foreign country and that East Germans always would share a common citizenship with West Germans.

► Basically Brandt is embarked on a calculated diplomatic risk. He is betting that over the next two or three decades, the attractiveness and economic strength of the West will work marked changes on the East bloc countries—if only they can be opened up to outside influences. The orthodox Communists who rule most of the Warsaw Pact countries are betting just the opposite: that they can use West German economic aid and know-how to enhance their hold on the allegiance of their citizens.

► There are fears among some West Germans about what they call the Finlandization of their country. Anticipating U.S. troop withdrawals, they worry that West Germany will be left so vulnerable to Soviet pressure that the country may be decisively influenced by a desire not to offend Moscow.

► A cardinal failure of recent U.S. policy has been that Washington has sought to achieve a nuclear settlement with the Soviets without simultaneously seeking a military *détente* concerning ground forces in Europe, where the Warsaw Pact combat forces outnumber NATO forces by at least 2 to 1. With the SALT (Strategic Arms Limitation Talks) negotiations soon to begin in Vienna between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, many Europeans are increasingly worried that they no longer loom very large in American defense considerations. Sensing this attitude, the Soviets have resumed their old call for a European security conference designed to make Moscow the guarantor of peace in Europe and thus replace 25 years of *Pax Americana* with *Pax Sovietica*.

**Outdated Attitudes.** Willy Brandt, who learned the difficulties of dealing with the Soviets as mayor of West Berlin, bristles at suggestions that he is giving away too much to the other side. In his opinion, he is simply relinquishing West Germany's claim to outmoded bargaining positions. "Our aim," he says, "is to bring Europe closer together and to establish at least partial communication between the two halves of the divided continent. We mean this in the sense that Communism is itself no longer totally monolithic and that modern societies need interchange of information for their own development."

Brandt feels that the old West German policy of attempting to isolate East Germany has also become self-defeating. Says he: "I can only be happy when the people in Thuringia and Saxony are in a position—even if they work under a system that is not so good—to make a favorable impression on the

world market. They should have the possibility of wider horizons."

**Czechoslovak Debacle.** One of Brandt's first ventures in *Ostpolitik* had a bad ending. As Foreign Minister in the Grand Coalition of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats, Brandt established relations with Rumania early in 1967 and offered diplomatic and economic ties to Czechoslovakia. The Soviets seized on the West German approaches to Prague as a major pretext for crushing Alexander Dubček's idealistic experiment of wedding Western-style political liberties with Communism. Now Brandt is far more cautious.

What are Brandt's major aims? In the Moscow negotiations, he hopes to achieve a nonaggression pact in which the Soviets will, in effect, renounce their rights as victors, under the Potsdam Agreement and United Nations Charter,

use the old German territorial claims to blackmail or attack the East bloc.

The other area of Brandt's leverage is trade and technical aid. East Germany's own economic success has stemmed largely from increasing trade with West Germany. Both Poland and the Soviet Union want West German credits and know-how to help get their stagnating economies moving.

What can Brandt expect in return? In the short term, perhaps, very little. In the long term, however, the West Germans might be able to share in exploiting Siberia's natural wealth. Politically, Brandt at best can hope for an improved political climate and toning down of Communist propaganda against West Germany.

**Domestic Dilemma.** Brandt's dilemma is that his opening to the East has inspired an overly optimistic response in



BRANDT RECEIVING DOCTORATE FROM OXFORD CHANCELLOR HAROLD MACMILLAN  
Fears of Finlandization.

to intervene in West Germany against a military or political threat. Though Soviet intervention may seem remote, Bonn would rest more easily if the Russians disclaimed those rights. In Warsaw, Brandt hopes to lay the foundation for the future establishment of full diplomatic recognition and stronger cultural and economic ties. But as Polish Foreign Minister Stefan Jedyrchowski told Tinnin, Poland insists on a binding settlement of the Oder-Neisse question before the other issues can be worked out. In East Germany, Brandt seeks the establishment of more humane and sensible relations between the two halves of Germany.

In his dealings with the East bloc, Brandt has leverage in two major areas. Faced with the Chinese threat in the east, the Soviets are eager to win West German ratification of the present borders of Europe. Moscow seems to fear that in the event of serious trouble with the Chinese, the West might

West Germany. Various polls show that anywhere from 74% to 82% of the populace favor his proposed East Berlin meeting with Stoph. But if Brandt fails to achieve a quick and impressive result, as may well happen, a reaction could set in. As it is, former Christian Democratic Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger is already expressing concern about the consequences of Brandt's diplomatic initiatives. It is no secret that Kiesinger would welcome an opportunity to oust Brandt, who holds only a twelve-seat majority in the 496-seat Bundestag, and form a government of his own. Is Moscow aware of Brandt's problems? Said a Soviet diplomat: "That is Brandt's affair, not ours." But the unspoken Soviet attitude is that Brandt is a promising partner in negotiations.

In speech after speech, Brandt stresses that his *Ostpolitik* begins in the West. "We are not marching out in front, as some people claim," he told Tinnin and Bonn Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate over





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a light Moselle in his house on Bonn's Venusberg. "We are only trying to catch up. Each of our allies has more normal relations with the East bloc than we have." Yet, as Brandt presses on with his *Ostpolitik*, he may indeed get far out in front of his allies. A key question is future U.S. troop strength. In his recent State of the World message, President Nixon said that U.S. forces in Europe will remain at their present level of 310,000 until mid-1971. After that date, large cuts may take place. To a limited degree, the NATO allies can take up some slack; last week's announcement that 4,500 previously withdrawn British troops would return to West Germany is an example. But, realistically, no one can take the place of the U.S. troops. They must be strong enough to contain a conventional Soviet attack at least for a few days, so that NATO does not face a choice of immediate nuclear war or immediate surrender.

Many Americans now argue that the U.S. should not be asked to defend Western Europe when the Continent is capable of defending itself. In the long term, the argument is valid. But it fails to take into account the present sensitive, and perhaps promising, political situation in Europe. If the Nixon Administration says that it intends to withdraw large numbers of American troops, the U.S. and its NATO allies will lose the opportunity to use those troops as a bargaining counter for comparable force reductions by the Warsaw Pact countries. By the same token, Willy Brandt will not be able to negotiate equitable settlements in Central Europe if the U.S. undercuts his position by withdrawing a large part of its forces. "The Federal Republic is no wanderer between two worlds," Brandt has declared. The implication is that Brandt's chosen world—the West—must stand firmly behind him as he seeks to find contact and reconciliation with the other one.

## AUSTRIA

### Terrors No Longer

Ever since World War II, Austria's conservative People's Party has held a slight plurality over the liberal Socialist Party. For 21 years, the two parties ran the nation (pop. 7,073,000) in "red-black" coalitions, with the conservatives always the dominant partner. In 1966, the People's Party won an outright majority, then governed alone for four years. Last week the Socialists' turn finally came. Because of a shift of only seven seats in the 165-seat Nationalrat (Parliament), Austria is virtually certain to be ruled by its first Socialist Chancellor—and a Jewish one, at that.

He is Bruno Kreisky, 59, chairman of the Socialist Party since 1967 (see box). Kreisky's Socialists won 81 seats to 79 for the People's Party, led by balding, lackluster Josef Klaus. The right-

wing Free Democrats won five seats, giving them the balance of power. Since neither the Socialists nor the conservatives want to coalesce with the Free Democrats, however, a new grand coalition is all but assured. Last week President Franz Jonas called on Kreisky to form a government, and negotiations for a return to a red-black partnership began in earnest in Vienna.

Four years ago, the Socialists lost to the People's Party by a disturbing 6%. Since then, Kreisky has remolded them into a party designed to capture the young and the educated middle class. Among other things, the "Sozis" pledged to shorten obligatory military service from nine to six months and clearly profited from a recent lowering of the voting age from 20 to 19. In addition, Willy Brandt's election as the Social Democratic Chancellor of neighboring West Germany helped Kreisky's party to overcome residual Austrian fears of the red *Bürgerschreck* ("Burger's Terror") stemming from the 1930s, when Socialists and conservatives battled on the streets of Vienna.

**Fifth Socialist Government.** Those fears were further eased when the Socialists openly rejected support from Austria's quarrelsome Communist Party; some Socialist Party members claim that tacit acceptance of Communist support in 1966 cost the party over 30,000 votes.

Unless the coalition negotiations unexpectedly collapse, in a matter of weeks Austria will become Western Europe's fifth Socialist-led government (following England, West Germany, Sweden and Finland). Kreisky will not alter his country's permanent military neutrality or encourage a further nationalization of Austria's industry, already largely state-owned. He has promised to seek associate membership in the Common Market, introduce scientific analysis and economic planning in government, and



CHANCELLOR-DESIGNATE KREISKY

## An Unorthodox Route to Power

**B**RUNO KREISKY came by his left-wing convictions via an unorthodox route. No shirt-sleeve Socialist from Vienna's proletarian slums, Kreisky is the son of a wealthy Jewish industrialist who headed a wool combine. At 15, distressed by the misery he saw in the working class, he joined the Socialist Youth Movement. At 23, he was jailed for 18 months by the Von Schuschnigg regime for attending an illegal Socialist Party meeting. A few years later, he was exiled by the Nazis. Now, against all odds, the onetime Jewish émigré is about to become Chancellor of the country that had rejected him.

Kreisky's climb bears strong parallels to that of Willy Brandt, West Germany's first postwar Socialist Chancellor. After taking a law degree from Vienna University, Kreisky was briefly imprisoned by the Nazis, then exiled to Sweden. There, like Brandt, he wrote as a journalist and took a Scandinavian bride. "He said he would go back to Austria and become a politician when the war was over and that would not be an amusing life," remembers his wife Vera. Also like Brandt, Kreisky has a student-age son named Peter, whose politics are distinctly

more radical than his father's. "He has the same opinion as I held—30 years ago," laughs Kreisky.

After the war, the burly, red-haired Kreisky remained in Sweden for six years as occupied Austria's unofficial ambassador. Returning to his homeland as foreign affairs adviser to then-President Theodor Körner, he composed Körner's landmark 1951 speech proposing Austrian independence under permanent neutrality. Four years later, Moscow unexpectedly accepted his formula, freeing the country of Allied and Soviet occupation. Beginning in 1959, Kreisky served for seven years as Foreign Minister in coalitions dominated by the People's Party. A pragmatist with the reputation of being Austria's most astute politician, Kreisky became Socialist Party chairman in 1967 and led it to last week's upset.

Kreisky considers himself an agnostic, but in a country with a deeply ingrained tradition of anti-Semitism, he is considered a Jew. As one Austrian observer noted: "He is our first Jewish Chancellor. That we have reached this point through civilized means indicates that we have at last reached democratic maturity."

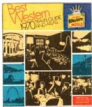
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Though the renewed coalition will force an almost equal division of Cabinet posts with the People's Party, Kreisky has forsworn any return to the old *Proporz* (proportional) system of previous coalitions. Under that system, every Minister had to accept a watchdog state secretary from the other party, and government jobs all the way down to janitor were divided along party lines.

## FRANCE

### Daphné the Doomed

On a gray February day two years ago, Charles de Gaulle journeyed to Toulon to deliver a speech and attend a memorial Mass honoring 52 naval crewmen who had disappeared along with their ship, the 850-ton submarine *Minerve*. To the navy's surprise, the President suggested taking a brief dive himself in one of the doomed submarine's sister ships, the *Eurydice*. The general's ride, to a depth of 130 feet, was a gallant gesture of confidence in the submarines of the *Daphné* class, to which the *Minerve* and the *Eurydice* belonged.

One morning at dawn last week, the *Eurydice* slipped out of her port at the resort of St.-Tropez for a three-hour training exercise. Her skipper was Lieut. Bernard de Truchis de Lays, 34, who had served for two years as executive officer of the *Minerve* but had been transferred a few months before she was lost. At 7:13, the *Eurydice* sent her last message: she was diving in calm seas off Cape Camarat, 35 miles east of Toulon. A few minutes later, a geophysical laboratory picked up the shock waves of a violent underwater explosion.

**Beyond Doubt.** For five hours, French and Italian naval vessels and helicopters searched the area until they found an oil slick and a few bits of debris, including a spare-parts tag that bore the name *Eurydice*. In the loss of the *Minerve*, authorities had held out hope for four days because the crew had an air supply of 100 hours. In last week's tragedy, they were forced to tell families and relatives immediately that the *Eurydice*'s 56 crewmen, as well as a visiting Pakistani naval officer, were lost beyond doubt.

What went wrong? On the chance that the *Eurydice* might have collided with one of the four cargo vessels in the vicinity, the navy ordered all four into port for inspection. No evidence of a collision was found. Lending some credence to the theory that the *Daphné*-class subs might contain a hidden structural fault was the fact that the *Eurydice* had recently undergone inspection and was found to be in perfect shape. To the French, the question was more than a matter of national pride. The French navy still has nine *Daphné* subs in service. In addition, France has sold three to Pakistan, and has taken orders for twelve more from Spain, Portugal and South Africa.

## GUATEMALA

### A Step to the Right

Violence is commonplace in much of Latin America, but few of the continent's countries can match Guatemala in that department. In 1968 Communist guerrillas in Guatemala City murdered two U.S. military advisers, then machine-gunned U.S. Ambassador John Gordon Mein to death in broad daylight. During the recent election campaign they killed at least nine security officers, a mayoral candidate, a newspaper editor and a retired police chief. On the eve of last week's elections, they kidnaped Foreign Minister Alberto Fuentes Mohr, 41, forcing the government to release a 24-year-old urban guerrilla leader. A few days later they seized



VICTORIANO ARANA

Submachine guns on the floor.

a U.S. diplomat, Sean M. Holly, and threatened to kill him unless the authorities surrendered four more of their comrades within 48 hours.

Not all the violence came from the left. Rightist terrorists have been accused of killing a congressional candidate and two of his supporters as they hung up campaign posters, and of shooting off the nose of the president of Guatemala's electoral council.

**Colonel-Assassin.** It is small wonder, then, that when Guatemalans went to the polls last week, they were receptive to Colonel Carlos Arana Osorio and his strong "law and order" pitch. Arana, 51, is best known to Guatemalans as the commander of the Zacapa Brigade, which virtually wiped out one of Latin America's largest rural guerrilla movements between 1966 and 1968.

Arana called himself "the pacifier" but his enemies nicknamed him "the colonel-assassin" for his role in the bloody operation. At least 3,000 were killed in

the resulting crossfire; according to some estimates, the victims included about 80 active guerrillas, 500 sympathizers and more than 2,400 innocent peasants.

The brigade's brutal record prompted the government of President Julio César Méndez Montenegro to send Arana off to diplomatic exile in Nicaragua. But when the colonel returned to Guatemala last year to campaign for the presidency, he quickly gained the support of many of his countrymen. "If the voters agree with this insecurity, this chaos," he declared, "then I am not their candidate." Winding up his campaign two weeks ago in Zacapa, where he waged his successful antiguerilla action, he told an audience of 8,000: "You know what it was like here before. Now you are safe to go onto the streets and work. I promise you that, if I am elected, all Guatemala will be like Zacapa."

Guatemalans responded by giving Arana 235,000 votes. The ruling Revolutionary Party's Mario Fuentes Piercini drew 195,000, and 117,000 went to Moderate Leftist Jorge ("Big Lucas") Caballeros, who argued that the violence should be stopped "not with a stick but with bread and work." Arana's formal selection by the Congress is regarded as a foregone conclusion.

**An End to Anarchy.** After his victory, the dapper Arana drove from his fortress-like home, usually guarded by 20 tough gunmen, to his National Liberation Movement headquarters in his ancient armor-plated, black-windowed limousine. The car was formerly owned by Nicaraguan Dictator Anastasio Somoza, who was assassinated in 1956; its floor was stacked with submachine guns. To his followers, who were celebrating with marimba music and firecrackers, Arana pledged that when he takes over on July 1 from Méndez Montenegro "he would" put an end to the anarchy in which we have been living."

It remained to be seen whether Arana was also prepared to address himself to the urgent problems of a country where 64% of its 5,100,000 people are illiterate and most farm land is held by the rich. Perhaps the gravest problem of all is the continued existence of a caste system that separates the Indian majority (slightly over 50%) from the "Ladino" class, which consists of whites, mixed-bloods, and those Indians who have adopted the speech and manners of the Spanish ruling group. "In Guatemala, the Indian is only a part of the scenery, like the 33 volcanoes and Lake Atitlán," said a foreign observer in Guatemala City last week. "If any country ever needed a good humane reformist government with guts, this is it. No wonder leftists have been able to hang on fighting so long. The conditions for revolt will be here for a long time."

\* Who, if he completes his four-year term and turns the office over to a duly elected successor, will be only the third President in Guatemala's 132-year history to do so.

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## PEOPLE

"We'll employ the Agnew hook," said Arizona's **Morris Udall**, co-captain of the Democrats' congressional basketball team. "This ploy," he explained, involves "intimidating scowls and feigned throats at the press table, followed by a wild charge to the south end of the court while shouting slogans, epithets and five-syllable words. While the ball occasionally ends up in my mouth, 65% of the fans who have watched this maneuver approve of it." Another Udall tactic was "the Haynsworth-Carswell shuffle—sending in a series of second and third stringers, one after another, until one of them scores." Neither Udall's wit nor his jump shot—he was a basketball star at the University of Arizona—could stop the Republicans. Thanks largely to California Congressman **Bob Mathias**, former Olympic decathlon champ, the G.O.P. took the 24-minute exhibition 13-12.

Rock Guitarist **Eric Clapton**, 25, son of a bricklayer, may soon marry **Alice Ormsby Gore**, 17, daughter of former British Ambassador to the U.S. **Lord Harlech**—with her father's blessing. "She has gone to see him in New York," said Harlech, "and if they want to get married it is entirely their own affair. They are old friends, and I know Eric very well." Mod Londoners may feel the honor is all Harlech's. A rock-magazine poll named Clapton, formerly of Cream and Blind Faith, the world's top musician.

A visit to Mme. Tussaud's wax museum, an American ambassador once observed, "is just like an ordinary English evening party." Last week, as Mme. Tus-

saud's celebrated its 200th anniversary in London, the company was a bit more animated. At a dinner in Tussaud's halls, with the likenesses of Mao and Churchill staring eerily on, **Earl Mountbatten** examined himself and said: "Every few years they bring you up to date—take out a few hairs, add a wrinkle." Perhaps the only personage whose image had improved was Mary Queen of Scots. Her biographer, **Lady Antonia Fraser**, posed before a replica of the Queen's executioner in a duplicate of the costume that the waxen Mary wears in the museum.

Senator **Edward Kennedy** got the good word from his niece Kathleen, 18, the moment he stepped off his plane from Ireland. "We found Freckles!" she shouted. Answering the call of the wild, the late **Robert Kennedy's** favorite span-



FRECKLES & YOUNG KENNEDY  
Muddy but unbowed.

iel had taken to the woods near the family estate in McLean, Va. A reward was offered, search parties combed the area, all to no avail. After a two-day dog hunt, Freckles slouched home on his own, muddy but unbowed.

The jazzman has this thing with the fuzz. Last October, Brooklyn patrolmen arrived to help him out after someone creased his hip with a bullet and ended up arresting him for possessing pot. This time Manhattan cops just wanted to see his driver's license. As Trumpeter **Miles Davis** rummaged through a bag looking for the license, out fell a pair of brass knuckles. Though it is a felony to carry knucks in New York, the judge let Davis off with a \$100 fine for driving without a license.

The formal manners of international diplomacy must have come easily to U.N. Secretary-General **U Thant**. A Burmese youth is taught to show respect



U THANT & MOTHER  
Prostration and protocol.

for parents and elders by prostrating himself when he leaves their presence. And a son is never too old or too important to kowtow to his mother, as the 61-year-old statesman demonstrated last week at the Rangoon home of Daw Nan Thauing, 87.

Dropping in on a class in the Eskimo language at Rankin Inlet, Northwest Territories, Canadian Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** learned one phrase—possibly the only one a visitor needs in that bleak settlement. The word is *takva oost*, and it means goodbye.

"I'd hate to see them get too long," said **Adlai Stevenson III**. "Generally, I am happier when they are short," pronounced **John D. Rockefeller IV**. Sideburns? Speeches? Novels? Contempt sentences? What the two young politicians were discussing was hemlines. The subject heated up as a result of **Mme. Georges Pompidou's** triumphant American tour with those calf-clutching *Longuettes* from Paris. In women's eyes, at least, Mme. Pompidou just may have tipped the scales in the year's mini-midi-maxi skirmish. In the front line of the battle, Los Angeles-based **James Galanos** became the first American designer to drop all hemlines below the knee; Paris' **Bernard Lanvin** is scraping ankles. Manhattan's **Geoffrey Beene** alone seems determined to keep the knee in the public domain.

In his debut as a rodeo rider, **Monty Milhous**, 19, was indignantly tossed by a Brahma bull called Old Brindle. Earlier in the Fresno, Calif., show **President Nixon's** second cousin had another brief tangle—five seconds of the required eight-second ride—with a mean old mule named **Khrushchev**.



LADY ANTONIA & HEADSMAN  
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## THE LAW

### Draft Loophole?

As soon as a young man turns 18, he is required to register for the draft. But what if he does not do so within the five-day grace period provided by law? Although few people realize it, the Government has no official system for detecting the 18-year-olds who fail to register. Last week, a five-man majority of the Supreme Court decided that if the Government does not discover and prosecute a non-registrant for his dereliction within five years after the grace period ends, he cannot be prosecuted at all. The three dissenting Justices complained that even though a man is supposed to be subject to the draft until the age of 26, the decision would render some draft dodgers exempt at the age of 23.

The case involved a young man who at 17 went into business manufacturing children's clothes and became a millionaire by the age of 23. Robert I. Toussie did not register, he said later, because his pacifist convictions prevented any contact with the military system—even applying for status as a conscientious objector. His default went unnoticed until he was 25, when an anonymous tipster informed his draft board. In appealing his subsequent conviction, Toussie argued that the Government had lost its chance to prosecute him when the federal statute of limitations ran out five years after he had committed his crime.

**Grave Offense.** Had Toussie really stopped breaking the law the day after the grace period ended? Or had he continued to violate it every day that he failed to register? The concept of "continuing violation" is found throughout the law. For example, when conspirators plan to commit a crime, the statute of

limitations does not start running at the moment they begin to carry out their agreement. Their scheme is a continuing offense until it is completed or abandoned.

In Toussie's case, the Court declared that although failing to sign up is a grave offense, the language of the draft law does not make it a continuing one. "We feel that the threat of criminal punishment and the five-year statute of limitations is a sufficient incentive to encourage compliance," Justice Hugo Black noted for the majority. He suggested that if Congress had intended failure to register to be a continuing crime, it should have said so explicitly.

**Real Threat.** "Completely illogical," said Justice Byron White in a stinging dissent joined by Chief Justice Warren Burger and Justice John Harlan. Pointing out that a Selective Service regulation makes it a continuing duty to register, they argued that the crime of not registering is also continuing. Wrote White: "The majority holds that when dawn breaks on the unregistered male, six days after his 18th birthday, his crime is complete and ended; though the Act specifically declares that he is still liable for induction, he has no obligation to take the step which makes that induction possible. I for one cannot ascribe such inconsistent intent to Congress."

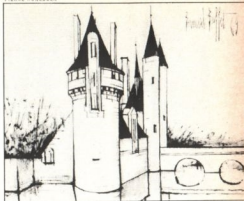
The Court reminded Congress that it has full power to toughen the law. But even if it does not, many legal experts feel that the ruling will not encourage wholesale new draft dodging. For one thing, the decision does not affect the status of a man who flees to Canada to avoid either registration or induction; he can be prosecuted whenever he returns. And few U.S. males are likely to regard the threat of criminal prosecution as any less real because it is limited to five, instead of 13 years. Concludes U.C.L.A. Law Professor Michael Tigar, "It's simply too great a risk for a young man not to register."

### Paint Your Own Château

The painting of the Loire Valley Château de Lassay that was sold by a Paris gallery last month had a price tag of \$6,000. It carried the signature of Painter Bernard Buffet. But neither the price nor Buffet's reputation intimidated the flics, who swooped down on the gallery and legally "seized" the painting, forbidding the purchaser from taking it home. They were acting on a court order obtained by Marcel de Marchéville, owner of the 478-year-old château. When a man's castle is his home—and is classified a national monument to boot—De Marchéville explained, the law gives the owner the right to say who may paint pictures of it. De Marchéville most emphatically had not granted that permission to Buffet.

De Marchéville's legal grounds seem

PIERRE HOREGGER



BUFFET'S CHÂTEAU DE LASSAY  
A man's castle is his home.

as impressive as the 430 acres that surround his château. The building is not visible from any public vantage point, but the proprietor sells tour tickets for 63¢. Buffet, who made a preliminary sketch from the edge of the moat, presumably gained entrance by purchasing a ticket—with a warning in both French and English: "Taking pictures outside is tolerated, but unauthorized commercial use of films, negatives or any documents will be legally prosecuted."

Buffet argues that the château is "part of the national patrimony" and therefore fair artistic game. But he can hardly be too upset. The publicity has helped his show to sell out completely. As for De Marchéville, his little-known château is now a true landmark.

### Caged Panthers

Twelve of the 13 Black Panthers accused of plotting to blow up New York City police stations and department stores remain in jail. Since April, they have been unable to raise money for their high bail, which ranges from \$50,000 to \$100,000 each. Last week they underlined their unwillingness to cooperate with New York Supreme Court Justice John M. Murtagh, who had said that he would not reopen their pretrial hearings until they promised in writing to behave in court (TIME, March 9). Instead of complying, the Panthers demanded a reduction in their "contemptuous" bail and a reconsideration of the charges against them by a grand jury composed largely of poor people.

At the same time, lawyers for the Panthers began a legal challenge to Murtagh's novel tactic for bringing order back to the courtroom. In a request to State Supreme Court Justice John J. Leahy for a writ of habeas corpus, they contend that Murtagh's action has the effect of holding the defendants in contempt without the safeguard of specified charges or an opportunity to rebut them in a formal procedure. Murtagh's demand for a written promise to behave, they added, violated their rights by asking them to admit prior criminal behavior.



ROBERT I. TOUSSIE  
Service-exempt at 23.



SWADDLED IN THE REAL THING & FEELING NO FANGS

## MODERN LIVING

### For Goodness Snakes, the Serpents Have Come

IT may be the Year of the Dog in China, but for the world of fashion there seems to be no doubt that the season belongs to the snake.

Boots and belts, hats and handbags, shirts, shawls, coats and evening gowns, even linens, lampshades and wallpaper—all bear the stamp of the serpent. Genuine cobra can be had as a raincoat, simulated copperhead as upholstery fabric. And women known to keel over at a photograph of a python are now swaddling themselves in the real thing.

Couturiers were the first to be charmed. Yves Saint Laurent showed a staggering array of snakeskins in his most recent collection, which featured a line of python-printed chiffon dresses (Mme. Pompidou took hers to Chicago last month and wore it with a gold serpent belt). Givenchy's snaky stretch-wool suit is already being copied, scale for scale, and London Designer Jean Muir has a whole group of satin separates, all slithering with the python pattern. America's Adele Simpson and Bill Blass have embossed the markings onto velvet and chiffon; Halston has gone so far as to tie-dye scarves to look like cobra coils.

**Tunics to Trunks.** Department stores were only too delighted to respond to the spell. Most took full-page newspaper ads celebrating serpent fashions. Manhattan's Lord & Taylor opened a special shop, "Great Snakes," last month, stocked it with everything from real python tunics to synthetic-snake robes, jackets and dresses, and fake python steamer trunks. At Saks in San Francisco snaky accessories are going at

such a striking rate there are never enough around for a window display. In Manhattan, boutiques got into the swing, repapered their walls with snake-skin and offered esoteric items like the cobra patchwork belt pouches and spats and the cobra gladiator vest at Kamali. Betsey, Bunky and Nini, another boutique, has appliquéd snakeskin stars onto belts and has imported Ossie Clark's \$200 cobra patchwork waist jacket. Manhattan's Casa Cuero boutique isn't interested in just any old snake: it is boa that turns them on and their patrons out—in midis, minis, jeans and jackets, everything boa but the belts, which are cobra.

"There is a fascination with snakeskins today," says Shoe Designer Beth Levine, whose all-python boots are doing nicely at \$250 a pair. "It's a whole feeling for slithery things, from a crocheted knit to a snake: it's textural and natural." For herself, she adds, "I can live my whole life without a snake." Fortunately for Fleming Joffe Ltd., biggest U.S. supplier of snakeskins, many women cannot. The company did a \$1 million-plus trade in skins last year, with python the biggest seller (naturally black and white, the skins are often bleached out and dyed other shades or hand painted) and boa and cobra close behind. "In fact," says Snakeskin Salesman Rocco Selvaggi, "where the boas are concerned, we're selling whatever we can get our hands on." Business is expected to double by the end of this season.

Not everyone is bewitched by the fad. Dr. F. Wayne King, Reptile Curator at the Bronx Zoo, insists that

"for every animal that's eliminated, our own lives become more precarious. And while eliminating every python in our world may not hurt anything," he adds wistfully, "it is well to consider that without them we would certainly have missed a lot of exciting literature." *Genesis*, for example?

#### The City of Flight

In her novel *In Transit*, Brigid Brophy visualizes the whole modern world as an airport waiting room, calling it, "a droplet of the twentieth century; pure, isolated, rare twentieth century." She must have been thinking of Paris' Orly Airport. When they land at Orly, tourists are only 14 miles from the heart of Paris. But before they depart for the city, they might do well to look around. If they do, they will discover why 3,200,000 people came to Orly last year, a million more than visited the Eiffel Tower—not to fly, but simply to sample the charms of the world's most exotic aerodrome. For Orly is a city in itself, a Gallic city with all the appropriate accoutrements.

**Orly Birds.** Only one couple, Singer Paul Anka and Anne de Zagheb, have been married at Orly (in the airport chapel), but a lot of couples have slept there. The 268-room Orly Hilton and the 56-room Air Hôtel are equally popular with the honeymoon crowd and the *cinq-à-sept* set who want to avoid being spotted by relatives or friends in downtown *hôtels de passé*. Such liaisons have already become part of the Gallic tradition; in *Une Femme Mariée*, Jean-Luc Godard's 1964 film, one

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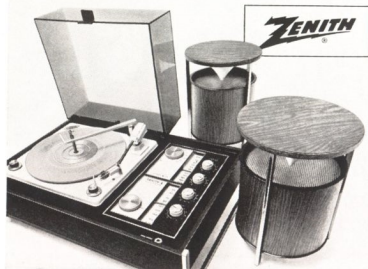
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love scene is filmed at an Orly hotel. For newlyweds, the nearby Orly Hilton provides free champagne; for transients, it has a special "day use" rate of \$13 per room, as opposed to normal nightly rates of from \$19 to \$35 (obviously this is convenient not only for philanderers but for travelers who just want a short rest between planes).

**Poules de Luxe.** Temporary alliances can be formed even on the airport grounds. When Orly first opened for business nine years ago, the *filles* meeting early morning flights became so brazen in their pursuit of business that airport authorities chased them away. Today the Orly birds are gone and a more discreet corps of *poules de luxe* (literally, high-price chicks) ply the airport bars on weekends.

Orly houses no fewer than eleven bars—along with six restaurants, one of which, Les Trois Soleils, rates four crossed knives and forks in the *Guide Michelin*. It serves such *haute cuisine* delicacies as *langouste Thermidor*, *filets de sole Sainte Marie* and *bananes flambees au kirsch*. The restaurant's cellar, equally impressive, houses a 1929 Chateau Latour (\$60 a bottle), a 1949 Chateau Haut Brion (\$43), and a goodly supply of 1961 Dom Pérignon at \$55 per magnum. Les Trois Soleils offers no entertainment, but "dancing weekends" are a regular attraction at Orly's top-floor Brasserie, where "Les 5 G-Men" pound a beat of which J. Edgar Hoover would hardly approve.

**Notre Dame.** The usual airport amusement of watching planes land and take off is a pallid pastime at Orly. There is a game room equipped with five bowling alleys, a pool table, pinball machines, and two dozen miniature athletic games. There is also a cinema, which offers patrons first-run movies at about half the cost charged by downtown Paris theaters; as an extra service, anyone can check in with a hostess upon entering the cinema and she will call him out when the aircraft arrives. Added attractions include an art gallery, a supermarket, a photo shop that makes instant poster-size enlargements, two hairdressing salons, three post offices, two music stores, a bank, an antique shop and a cheese market. There is also an all-purpose Mr. Fixit shop in which customers can have new heels put on their shoes, keys copied or initials engraved on jewelry. For \$1, weary travelers can get a shower in a fully equipped bathroom presided over by a woman attendant whom French Poet Jacques Prévert has nicknamed "*Notre Dame des Lavabos*"—Our Lady of the Washbasins.

In short, Orly comes close to the unlikely proposition that airports can be fun—a fact of which chauvinistic Frenchmen are justly proud. They are somewhat less proud, of course, of the fact that Orly is also a happy hunting ground for hundreds of pickpockets, who have stolen an estimated \$200,000 from the pockets of travelers and tourists within the past five months.



## SCIENCE

### What's Up in Pozzuoli?

The shabby Italian seaport of Pozzuoli, just outside Naples, is widely known as the home town of Sophia Loren. But Pozzuoli (pop. 70,000) has another distinction. Perched atop a geologically active area that includes Vesuvius and boiling sulfur springs named the Campi Flegrei ("Fiery Fields"), the ancient town has been quite literally rising and falling at least since Roman times. These terrestrial undulations—an example of what some geologists call bradyseisms (from the Greek roots *bradys*, or slow, and *seismos*, earthquake)—usually occur gradually and imperceptibly. But lately Pozzuoli has been moving at an extraordinary rate. Last week, after parts of Pozzuoli had risen as much as three feet in the past six months, the town fathers began ordering mass evacuations.

**God's Will.** Pozzuoli's plight is apparent everywhere. Walls and roofs have cracked. Dozens of buildings have been declared unsafe, including a hospital, a police station and the city hall. The waterfront has risen so far above the Bay of Naples that workmen finally had to chop away huge chunks of the stone wharf before ferries could conveniently dock again. The elegant Roman ruin known as the Temple of Serapide, standing in the midst of a small waterfront lagoon created by ancient sinking, now is higher out of the water than ever before in the memory of Pozzuolians. The hardest-hit area has been the town's oldest and toughest section, a slum of narrow winding alleyways called *La Terra*, or the earth. Told that they would have to move to emergency shelters outside town, many of its residents refused to budge. They were finally evic-

ed after some scuffles with police. Said one fishmonger, a father of nine: "I will stay in my house and let God's will be done."

If Pozzuolians find their slow-motion earthquake puzzling, so do scientists at the University of Naples' Institute of Earth Sciences. They speculate that the dramatic changes have been caused by a sudden shifting of subterranean masses of molten rock, or magma, that well up from deep inside the earth through fractures in its crust. As the magma presses into new regions, it raises the earth on top of it. At the same time, land some distance away may gradually subside to fill the area vacated by the molten rock. That could account for a six-inch drop in the level of the resort island of Ischia, only ten miles offshore.

So far, no one has been injured by the strange earth movements, which also occur in other volcanic areas like Japan and Hawaii. But some Italians fear that the shifts could culminate in a sudden eruption of Vesuvius, which has been quiet since 1944. The institute's scientists do not seem worried; any major eruption, they say, would be preceded by such preliminary warnings as tremors and heating of the crater. Indeed, they look upon Pozzuoli's problems as an opportunity to learn more about the earth's interior. Scientists from all over Italy are currently investigating the rising ground. Offshore, an Italian navy oceanographic vessel is taking soundings. Two volcanologists have rushed to the scene from Japan. "We hope the movement will continue long enough for us to collect valuable data," says Alessandro Oliveri del Castillo, assistant director of the institute. "Without causing any damage, of course."



WATER LEVEL MARKS ON POZZUOLI TEMPLE  
*Magma mial*

J. BURIAN—NATURE



"PTERANODON" FEEDING ITS YOUNG  
*How did it get in the air?*

### Giving a Big Bird a Lift

Some 100 million years ago, when huge dinosaurs still trod the earth, the skies were dominated by a creature equally awesome: the fish-eating *Pteranodon*. Endowed with a wingspread of 25 ft.\* but extremely short, weak legs, the bizarre reptile clearly had to fly to spot and capture its prey. Yet the construction of its wings (unsuitable for continuous flapping) and its large size have long seemed to zoologists almost insurmountable obstacles to flight. "How this animal could get itself into the air from level ground," wrote Harvard Paleontologist Alfred Romer, "is difficult to understand."

Scientists have somewhat lamely avoided the question by suggesting that *Pteranodon* plunged off high cliffs in order to build up sufficient air speed for its gliding flight. But if it could not regain altitude in flight, how did it climb back to the cliff top again on its woefully inadequate legs? And how did it take off from the water after fishing?

These perplexing questions may now have been answered by two scientists using a standard aerodynamic formula. Assuming that *Pteranodon* weighed only 40 lbs. (it had an extremely delicate skeleton), Geologist Cherrie D. Bramwell and Physicist G.R. Whitfield of the University of Reading in Berkshire, England, used the formula to calculate that the beast had to attain an air speed of only 15 m.p.h. to take off. In winds above that velocity, they report in *Nature*, *Pteranodon* would only have needed to spread its wings to become airborne, easily taking off from level ground or the crest of a wave. "Thus," conclude Bramwell and Whitfield, "many of the problems envisaged by paleontologists for the pterosaurs did not exist for the pterosaurs themselves."

\* More than twice as long as that of the largest contemporary bird, the albatross.

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Source latest U.S. Government figures.

## TELEVISION

### Showing What's Wrong

Stereotype No. 1: High school teachers are fussy, frightened and old, hiding from the world in a cloud of chalk dust. Stereotype No. 2: High school principals wear three-piece suits, stern expressions and are totally devoid of humor. Good shows often result from giving the lie to stereotypes, witness ABC-TV's *Room 222*, which features a handsome black history teacher (Lloyd Haynes) and a rumpled, comfortable principal (Michael Constantine), whose strongest trait is a sense of underplayed humor. It works; in the current season, *Room 222* has appeared consistently among the ten top-rated programs, and deserves it.

"If there's a formula for *Room 222*, I guess it is to show something that's wrong," says Haynes of the series, "and maybe show how to help it." Out of this notion have come some pertinent and moving moments of television drama. Life within the confines of any school is not all light or dark, and neither is life in *Room 222*. "If you have a serious situation, you want to give it the full weight it deserves," says Constantine. "But if you play it like *Hamlet*, you'll be left standing with drama all over your face."

**Teaching, Not Preaching.** Striking a balance between humor and concern, *Room 222* manages to teach moral lessons without being preachy. A new teacher, straining stolidly to be as hip as his students, is joshed into the realization that he will get along much better if he is just himself. Students petitioning for the replacement of an elderly teacher who is using an archaic teaching approach in a marriage-preparation course are gently prodded into more understanding of their teacher. A few episodes do deal with weightier stuff: the problems of a militant black youth involved with a middle-class black girl, the dilemma of a Mexican-American boy who balances his academic limitations against his ambitions and decides to reject his counselor's recommendation that he go to college.

From time to time, the show has run into problems—first of all, the network's own attitude. "They are frightened of our being too heavy, and are distrustful of their being too comedy-ish," says Producer Gene Reynolds. "The powers in TV-land want to know whether it is comedy or drama; it is very difficult for them to twist their imaginations to encompass both," says Constantine. The show is billed as a "comedy-drama," but the show's originators managed to persuade the network to eliminate a standard but bothersome sitcom laugh track. "Our humor is too subtle for it," Reynolds explains.

Says Constantine of his role: "There came a point where I refused to do an-



HAYNES & CONSTANTINE

*Some things cannot be made right.*

other joke because I felt my character was being written like a clown. One week I came very close to asking to be let out of the entire series because there had been a couple of weeks like that." Hence, there are seemingly endless bull sessions between cast and producer to work out better dialogue and clearer confrontations between characters. One day Haynes vehemently announced: "These scenes are so far away from reality! There's no attempt to get any sort of realism in the dialogue between the black actors." Result: there's more realism now.

The idea for the show grew out of Producer Reynolds' friendship with Dr. Norman Schacter, principal of Los Angeles High School. Many of the show's exterior scenes are shot at L.A. High, while the series' interior sets are based on the classrooms, corridors and offices of the school. Several script ideas have taken shape in the minds of the show's writers after spending time on the campus talking to teachers and students and sitting in on classes. "Arizona State Loves You," the story of a college coach recruiting a black high school athlete, is based on a similar incident at L.A. High. Reynolds happened to be in Schacter's office one day, and overheard snatches of a telephone conversation between the principal and a college coach who was trying to lure one of L.A. High's black sports stars to his team.

**Pregnancy and Abortion.** The show has yet to touch on subjects that are heavy but very real to today's high school students: narcotics, pregnancy, abortion, anti-Semitism, racial polarization, the draft, some of which were dramatically depicted six years ago on the *Mr. Novak* show.

"Mike Constantine and I would like



to see them go into more serious areas," says Haynes. "But if we do a show on narcotics, for example, then we've got to show an out, a solution. Otherwise we're only talking about what people already know." Nevertheless, he adds, "in some cases we should be honest enough to show that things can't be made right."

## Youth and Sociology

As has become its custom, ABC-TV has looked over its current line-up of shows and tossed out nine of them. Victims of the tune-out are *Land of the Giants*, *It Takes a Thief*, *The Engelbert Humperdinck Show*, *Pat Paulsen's Half a Comedy Hour*, *Paris 7000*, *The Flying Nun*, *Here Come the Brides*, *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, and *Jimmy Durante Presents the Lennon Sisters Hour*. On all the networks, the thing for next year is Youth and Sociology. But if you're No. 3, apparently, you really try harder.

Of ABC-TV's new shows, four are youth-oriented. *The Young Rebels*, a one-hour drama set in Revolutionary Pennsylvania, focuses on three young members of a Yankee guerrilla band. *The Young Lawyers* deals with law students and a legal-aid society. In *Dial Hot Line*, Psychiatrist Vince Edwards (Dr. Ben Casey) runs a telephone service set up by a metropolitan hospital to deal with troubled teens who have no one else to talk to. *The Partridge Family* is a situation-comedy series dealing with a rock group headed by the mother of the family (shades of The Cowsills).

**Black Barefoot.** For the more mature, there's the *Danny Thomas Show*, featuring the star as a grandfather. Two new series are based on plays written by Neil Simon. One of them, *The Odd Couple*, stars Jack Klugman and Tony Randall. The other, *Barefoot in the Park*, makes a switch from white to black, with a cast headed by Scoey Mitchell and Nipsey Russell. Based on Simon's cozy white-middle-class comedy about a square Manhattan lawyer, his silly wife and their nutty neighbor, this black version is certainly an intriguing—if arbitrary—departure from the original version. Whether or not it portends a network trend remains to be seen (*My Three Sons* moves from Southern California to Harlem? *Green Acres* in the ghetto?).

For viewers desiring drama, the network has dreamed up *The Immortal*, all about a guy whose blood type makes him immune to disease—as well as aging—and hence is on the run from all those other guys who want his secret; *Zig Zag*, featuring a trio of master criminologists consisting of Ralph Bellamy, George Maharis and Inger Stevens; and *The Silent Force*, concerning the fight against organized crime. If that is not enough high drama, every Monday night you can watch *N.F.L. Football*, which does not really need any explanation.

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YALE'S ART & ARCHITECTURE BUILDING AFTER FIRE  
A masterpiece of doubts and difficulties.

## Too Much Form, Too Little Function?

It was hailed as an architectural masterpiece when it opened in 1963, yet today Architect Paul Rudolph's prize-winning School of Art and Architecture Building at Yale University stands half empty and virtually unrestored, although nine months have passed since it was gutted by fire. The cause of the fire has never been determined, but the reason for the long delay in rebuilding is clear: students and teachers feel that the building simply did not work.

As director of the school, Rudolph presumably knew better than anyone else what sort of building was needed. And many praised its boldly massed forms, rough concrete surfaces and conventionally playful use of space. Yet from the start Rudolph's design drew criticism. British Architectural Critic Nikolas Pevsner doubted that such an idiosyncratic and personal building could meet the changing needs of new directors and new educational goals. Yale students went even farther. "The building was a nice visual experience," says one, "but from the start it was functionally inadequate." Student painters and sculptors, who tend to think big these days, found the studios too small to accommodate their works. Owing to the fact that money ran out before air conditioning could be installed, unshaded south-facing rooms were unbearably hot, and the basement graphics workshops occasionally filled up with chemical fumes. The vast, multilevel architectural drafting loft, designed without partitions to encourage communication between students in different classes, made private consultations with teachers difficult.

Architect Rudolph, who left Yale five years ago to concentrate on private prac-

tice, refuses to answer his critics in detail. "There are answers," he says, "but you can't please everyone or foresee everything. I'll stand on my building as I built it." To plan the necessary reconstruction (the top half of the building is currently unusable), Yale hired a former Rudolph student, Edwin W. DeCossy, who admires the master's work yet concedes the difficulty of adapting it. "The building is a personal statement by Rudolph," he says, "and it overawes a student who is looking for a place to make his own personal statement." An informal student-faculty study group has also been meeting for the past six months to work out better deployment of its interior spaces, and Dean Howard S. Weaver of the School of Art predicts that the building will be ready for full use again by September.

To date, however, no plans for reconstruction have been approved, and students are working in temporary quarters scattered throughout New Haven. Some of them enjoy the diaspora. Says one: "There's something romantic about setting up a studio in an abandoned store front—at least at first." But teachers and students alike miss the central meeting place and facilities that only a functioning school building can provide—and Rudolph's much-lauded building continues to baffle its users.

## The Quiet One

Milton Avery was a man of few words. "Why talk when you can paint?" he once remarked. And paint he did, often rising at 5 or 6 a.m. to turn out a few sketches before he had his morning coffee. He sketched the Connecticut meadows in bitter winter cold, the dunes and sea of Provincetown under midsummer sun, and Central Park in every season. By the time he approached his easel, his imagi-

ination was so disciplined by incessant drawing that on a good day he could finish off three paintings by evening.

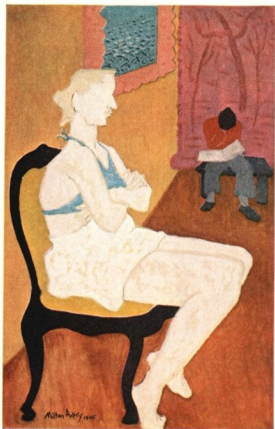
**Pruning Nature.** Avery's painting vocabulary was every bit as spare as his speech, a fact handsomely demonstrated in a retrospective currently on display at the Brooklyn Museum. The first since his death in 1965, it was organized by the National Collection of Fine Arts, will move on to the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts. Avery reduced nature to its bones, pruning away all details until what remained was only the fundamental contours. In Avery's world, the landscape and the figure are treated as equals, each counting for the same weight in the picture. Thus, a nude lying on the sand stretches out into the horizon, literally as large as the land. A solitary seagull plunging to its death is frozen midway between sea and sky, as timeless as both. All of this serves to make Avery's paintings often seem curiously akimbo, as if somehow he had upset the balance of nature.

Yet he never denied nature its due. The peculiar shape of a Provincetown dune, playful as a paper hat beside the sea, was enough to inspire the surprising landscape, *Dunes and Sea II*. Birds particularly caught his imagination, perhaps because their sense of weightlessness corresponded so perfectly to his style. *Sea Birds on Sand Bar* was painted on Cape Cod in the summer of 1960. With only a few brush strokes, Avery plainly described the sea, the birds, the sand bar, even while delicately suggesting the fragility of life.

The haunting seascapes of Cape Cod are Avery's most memorable works. But his daughter March, his wife Sally, even the family dog Picasso, all managed to get into his pictures with delightful frequency. A cock crowing to the skies could stir him to chuckling humor, while the mere thought of fruit trees bursting into bloom was enough to inspire the pink color fantasy *Spring Orchard*. And when he tired of all other subjects, his wife remembers, he turned to himself, never failing to find something funny. One time he portrayed himself as a hobo in red ear muffs and raunchy tweed coat, another time as a wizened old man of the sea with cherry nose and stocking cap, and in still another he appears, a rumpled figure only just up, standing beside his bathroom. Overall, his subjects were "a domestic, unheroic cast," observed the late Mark Rothko, who was one of Avery's most devoted admirers and whose own art sprang from the same deep well-spring of silence. "But from these there have been fashioned great canvases that far from the casual and transitory implications of the subjects, have always a gripping lyricism."

**Tart Colors.** Success was slow in coming. Born in 1893 in Altmar, N.Y., Avery spent his youth in Hartford, Conn., and never gave art a thought until he heard that commercial artists could make \$200 a week—a princely income in those days. He enrolled at the Y.M.C.A. The





Milton Avery's *Seated Blonde* (1946)

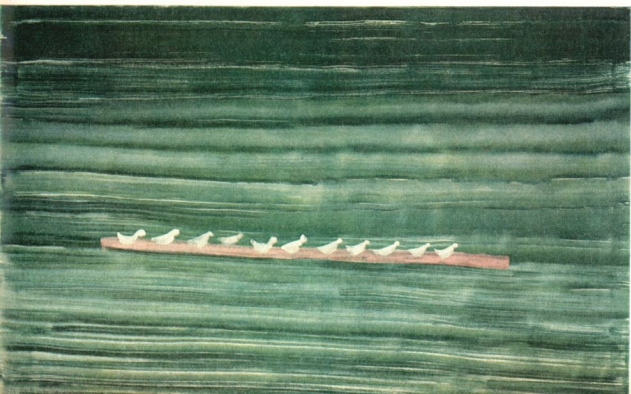
*Sea Birds on Sand Bar* (1960)



*Dunes and Sea II* (1960)



*Spring Orchard* (1959)



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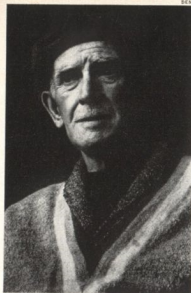
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MILTON AVERY IN 1963

*From an unheroic cast, gripping lyricism.*

lettering course was full, and so he signed up for a drawing class instead. It was his only formal training, but it was enough: he had fallen in love with art. In 1925, he joined an artist's colony at Gloucester, Mass., where he met another aspiring young artist named Sally Michel, and married her soon after. Through the ensuing years, Sally supported the family with her illustrations for the children's page of the Sunday New York Times Magazine, freeing Milton to spend his days painting. "I used to tease him and say that his greatest patron was the Times," she says.

Though he won little public acclaim until late in his life, Avery was early known as an artist's artist. His Manhattan studio became a gathering place for many newcomers, among them Rothko and Adolph Gottlieb. Avery and friends sketched frequently at each other's homes. *Seated Blonde* resulted from one such session in 1946, when the model turned out to be a strapping 6-ft. beauty named Stella, daughter of that week's host. Avery combined pink with burnt sienna, magenta and crimson, with all the jangling dissonance of half a dozen crashing cymbals. It is this bravado with color that has often led him to be viewed as a kind of American Matisse.

There are similarities, to be sure. Color was the mainspring for both artists, and both treated objects as elements in a pattern. But there are also profound differences. Where Matisse's colors are voluptuous, ripe, filled with the warmth of the Mediterranean, Avery's are tart, eccentric, northern. "Matisse was a hedonist," Sally observes. "Milton was a puritanical man of very simple tastes." His uniquely charming celebration of the world around him, with its dry mirth and insistent individuality, is the legacy of an artist who was in every sense strictly his own man.

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## ENVIRONMENT

### The People's Protector

Like other black Americans, Charles C. Johnson Jr. has ample reason to worry about the quality of U.S. life. But unlike most people, Johnson has not only a mandate but also the power to do something about it. As head of a little-known federal agency within the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, he is in effect the policeman of the entire U.S. environment.

"C.C.," as friends call him, is the administrator of the Consumer Protection and Environmental Health Service. Under him are the Food and Drug Administration, the National Air Pollution Control Administration and the Environmental Control Administration. An intense activist, Johnson, 48, spends much of his time reminding Americans that "the human environment consists not only of land, air and water that give us life but also includes the food we eat, the drugs we ingest, and all the thousands of products which we consume or use in this complicated world." Johnson and his staff of 231 can use lawsuits to gain compliance with new federal antipollution laws. But he prefers to use his powers of persuasion.

**Black Lung Disease.** In his campaign to familiarize the U.S. with the real costs of unchecked pollution, Johnson carries his message to businessmen, labor leaders, scientists and engineers, to conferences and conventions. "Man has created a new environment, but he has not created a new man," he argues. Johnson uses more than words to guard man against some of the threats of his self-imposed surroundings. Last spring, for example, after FDA scientists found unusually high levels of DDT in Lake Michigan coho salmon, Johnson helped to engineer a HEW order aimed at phas-

ing out use of the chemical in the U.S.

Too often, public officials shy away from curbing a suspected environmental hazard until a direct, incontrovertible relationship has been established. As Johnson explains: "We have reached the time when we can no longer postpone action while we try to dot every scientific *i* and cross every scientific *t*." When he was advised that color TV sets and microwave ovens are a potentially dangerous source of radiation, Johnson quickly alerted the public, then helped to write strict new radiation standards. To combat black lung disease, which now afflicts about 100,000 miners, he established interim limits on the amount of airborne coal dust permitted in a mine shaft, until Congress finally set permanent standards last year.

**Staff Abrasive.** Fond of mottoes, Johnson keeps handy a printed card that reads: "The only purpose for your activity is to get results." He has always followed that advice. A native Iowan and Purdue University engineering graduate, Johnson worked as an assistant commissioner of health in New York City, where he learned firsthand about another environmental hazard: urban decay. His practical experience and accomplishments in New York made him a natural choice to head the environmental service after it was created in July 1968.

Some White House staffers regard Johnson as abrasive, but they are listening to what he says. Among his concerns is the increased use of chemical additives in foods, which Americans now consume at an annual rate of 3 lbs. per person. He has prodded the asbestos industry to start safeguarding its workers, who now have seven times more lung cancer than the general working population. He created a national surveillance network to learn about other dangers to human health. Cheered by the concern over the environment, he predicts: "The time is ripe for our national policy to recognize that there is something in greater need of protection than natural resources, and that is human resources."

### Hickel Heckled

As a public figure in the forefront of the fight to better the U.S. environment, Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel might have expected a friendly welcome at Princeton University last week. Environment, after all, has become the No. 1 issue on campus. Moreover, Hickel had prepared a speech that called for creation of "an environmental task force along the lines of the Peace Corps." It would be called ECO (an acronym for Environmental Control Organization), he said, and could start by conducting an exhaustive inventory of all publicly owned lands and making "recommendations for their highest use—whether it be recreational, or re-



HICKEL SPEAKING AT PRINCETON  
ECO for the unlistening.

source-producing, or just plain scenic." But some of the Princetonians seemed more interested in disruption than effective planning. Before the speech began, they handed out leaflets headlined HECKLE HICKEL, listing the shortcomings of the Secretary's record. "What about the oil?" they chanted in unison. "What about the Indians?" "What about the war?" They were not willing to listen to any answers—or to grant the Secretary his freedom of speech. In fact, they jeered so much that hardly anyone in the audience of 1,800 could hear Hickel say that improving the U.S. environment "will take a generation of men and women who will study both ecology and economics, biology and philosophy; who are broad enough in their exposure to have a balanced judgment."

### Riding on Wastes

Every year, 100 million worn rubber tires and 26 billion nonreturnable glass bottles are discarded in the U.S. Disposing of them is a formidable problem, usually resolved by burning evil-smelling mountains of tires and burying tons of splintered glass. But there soon may be a neater and more practical solution: using the unsightly, troublesome waste products as construction materials in the 20,000 miles of highways that are built annually in the U.S.

In testimony before the Senate Committee on Public Works last week, Richard L. Cheney, executive director of the Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, called attention to an experimental product called "glasphalt." Developed at the University of Missouri, it uses finely ground glass granules to replace the rock aggregates now used as a construction material for highways. One 58-foot-long test strip of glasphalt pavement, outside the Owens-Illinois



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Technical Center in Toledo, has held up well during the worst winter in years; engineers reported virtually no cracking, rippling or holes in the surface and gave it a top rating for skid resistance.

**Liquid Latex Pavement.** At Texas A. & M., Research Engineer Douglas Bynum, 35, is testing his theory that the rubber in discarded tires might give asphalt added flexibility and more resistance to cracking. Working in the university's Transportation Institute, Bynum prepared samples of asphalt combined with ground-up rubber obtained from old tires. Test results showed that the powdered rubber—used as a binding material—increases asphalt's overall cohesiveness so that it does not split when roadbeds shift slightly or sink. Bynum's findings seem to be a natural outgrowth of experiments by the rubber industry. Goodyear, for example, has discovered that liquid latex—not a waste product—improves the durability and traction of highway pavement.

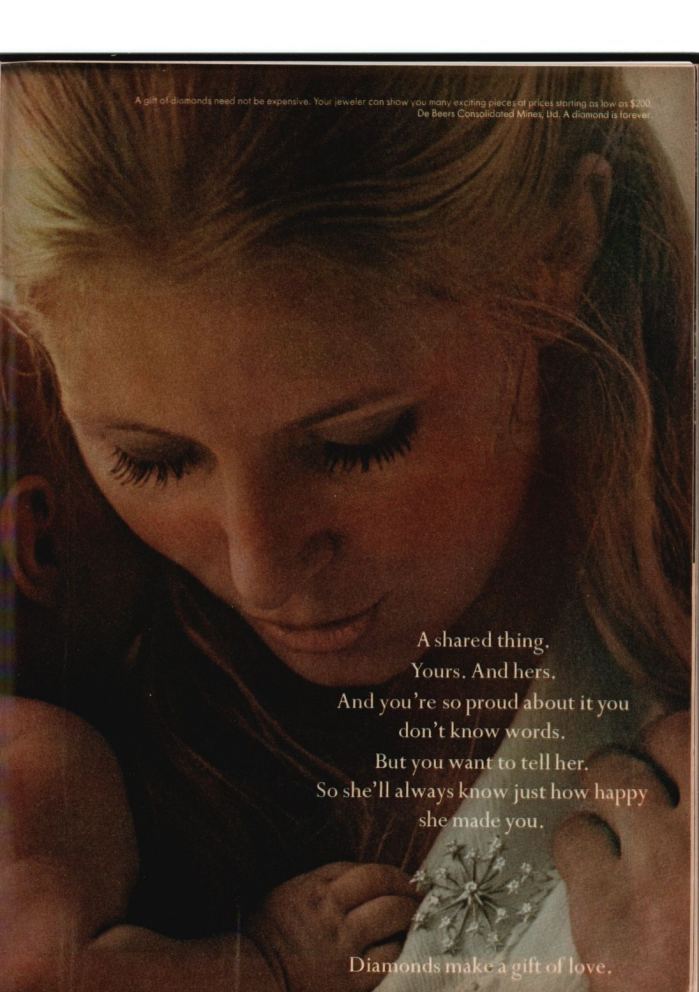
Nonetheless, there are several remaining obstacles to waste-product highways. It may prove impractical to separate tires and bottles from other refuse. Processing plants to grind the materials to the right size and shape may be too costly. And highway builders must still be convinced that the new aggregates are effective. But Bynum is optimistic: "I think sheer economics favors the idea," he says. "We could save the money we spend to dispose of these materials and get better highways."

Best of all, Bynum says, there would be no foreseeable shortage of materials for the improved roads. Combined with asphalt, the old tires and bottles disposed of in 1970 could pave a freeway that would span the U.S. 23 times.

## California v. the Army

In the first such action anywhere, a state has hauled the Federal Government into court for polluting water. California last week sued the commanding general of Fort Ord for dumping undisinfected sewage into Monterey Bay. The suit, filed in the state superior court, asks civil penalties of \$6,000 for every day since Jan. 1 for ignoring a cease-and-desist order that was issued against Fort Ord by a water-quality-control board. If the court agrees that the base continued to pollute the bay, the Army would face a fine of nearly \$500,000.

Although President Nixon ordered all federal facilities to end pollution—or to have antipollution programs under way—by 1972, California was not about to wait for Fort Ord to police itself. Instead, it brought suit under a new state law that gives the state attorney general power to act directly against all water polluters. "The law is very clear and constitutional. The Army is in violation of it," says Chief Deputy Attorney General Charles A. O'Brien. "We are now going to use our authority to attempt to stop water pollution in the state of California. If we succeed, we will set a model for the country."



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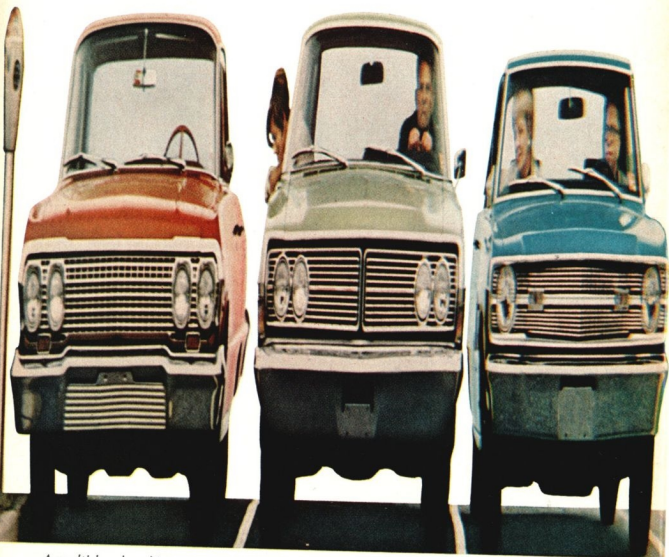
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## MUSIC & DANCE

### Marilyn at the Met

The essence of bel canto is making the vocally difficult sound delectable. Long, lung-stretching phrases, rococo trills, breathtaking leaps of voice slide into the air and ear with soft, summery ease and grace. The quintessential bel canto role is Norma, the most taxing female part in all opera. Giuditta Pasta, the first singer to try the part after Bellini created it in 1831, found it so difficult that the violins had to play out of tune deliberately to disguise her failures.

Last week New York's Metropolitan Opera offered a new *Norma* production with Joan Sutherland in the title role. Hardly had she finished her first duet with Mezzo-Soprano Marilyn Horne (as Adalgisa) than the audience began to cheer and occasionally stamp and yell. The enthusiasm was fully justified. Sutherland's voice warmed toward a soaring, languorous tenderness. Horne, making one of the greatest Met debuts, showed a vocal reach and richness that exceeded nearly anybody's gasp. In *Mira, O Norma*, closing Act III, the two together floated along like two strings of a violin being stroked by the same bow. The way their voices blended and interwove produced moments of sheer delight—moments to justify opera and fleetingly suggest that the shaky conspiracy called civilization may actually be worth all the trouble.

Horne's triumph at age 36 raised an inevitable question: why had it taken her so long to get to the Met? The

often suggested answer is Rudolf Bing's well-known preference for European singers. But the truth is that Horne was not interested in making her debut in such customary mezzo roles as the bitch (Amneris) in *Aida* or the witch (Azucena) in *Travatore*. What she wanted and got was a role demanding enough to show off a voice already broader in stylistic range than that of any soprano singing opera today.

**Lyric Triumphs.** Like Beverly Sills, who also has never sung at the Met—and should—Marilyn Horne has been hailed in concerts and operas everywhere else. She also put in three years singing in provincial opera houses in Germany, an apprenticeship that left her able to cope with anything—including an orchestra pit so low that she lost a few bars because she could not see the conductor's baton. Subsequent triumphs at the San Francisco and Chicago Lyric Operas, Covent Garden and La Scala were proof of her versatility. In 1960, back in the U.S., she married Henry Lewis, a young Negro who now is conductor of the New Jersey Symphony. Though her white friends warned her against it, black-white hostilities have been little problem. What caused a strain, Marilyn admits, was not an interracial marriage but an interartistic marriage. "We stay away from each other before concert time," she says. "Until we learned that, it nearly ruined us."

She has been singing with Joan Sutherland since 1961. "It's like a fairy tale," Marilyn explains their collaboration. "We never have to work to sing together. We just learn our parts and come together, and it's been there all along." Her next new role will be as Fidès in Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*, which she will sing this summer both in Turin and London. "Fidès is Norma for contraltos," she explains. "I'm looking forward to it." Meanwhile Rudolf Bing, the Met and its followers can look forward to 18 more performances of *Norma* before the season closes.

### Plaster Bonbons

New York's Joffrey Ballet is often matchless for sheer glitter and sensuous invention. But virtuosity pursued for its own sake can be a vice, and showmanship pushed too far becomes a snare and a collusion. Of three new Joffrey offerings this spring, two, *Confetti* and *Solarwind*, are depressing cases in point.

*Confetti*, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, is, among other things, a "plaster bonbon." The definition is cruelly apt as a description of Gerald Arpino's creation, which turns three couples loose to the overture of Rossini's *Semiramide*. Arpino's brilliant passages of dance invention and his dancers' great innovative skills leave the music behind. The ballet becomes a mere gymnastic feat. *Solarwind* is different—not a confection gone slickly

sour but a modish sci-fi convention pursued without rhyme or reason. In a cosmic mood, Arpino sends his dancers blasting around the stage to assorted flatulent noises—pings, creaks and suckings. The score, by Avant-Garde Composer Jacob Druckman, is entitled *Animus III for Tape and Clarinet*.

John Keats, it is said, used to take pepper just for the delight given by a freshwater chaser. Perhaps with a similar contrast in mind Joffrey treats audiences to *Pineapple Poll*, a rarely seen romp created 19 years ago by John Cranko, now the director of the Stuttgart Ballet, to music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Cheerful girls in peppermint stripes and ruffled panties collide with beery British tars from H.M.S. *Hot Cross Bun*. Pineapple Poll herself appears and falls helplessly in love with Captain Belaye, an officer who combines the best qualities of Ralph Rackstraw, Captain Corcoran and Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

Restaged for Joffrey by David Blair (who danced the original Captain Belaye in London), the work produces unabashed delight in the mutiny, wholesale though ladylike transvestism, and twin marriages that follow, courtesy of W.S. Gilbert. As Poll, Charbel Arthur falls in love more energetically than anyone in recent memory. As dashing Captain Belaye, the man whose Apollonian suavity, superb condescension and sheer sexiness cause all the trouble, Edward Verso turns a comic role into a major characterization. One rude criterion for establishing a ballet's worth is the impulse to dance that it stirs in an average member of the audience. By that standard, Cranko's *Poll* must be judged a hopping success.



HORNE & SUTHERLAND IN "NORMA"  
Two strings on one violin.



ARTHUR & VERSO IN "POLL"  
Peppermint girls in ruffled panties.

# A recent survey the top 20 programs. So we've made



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## THE PRESS

### Breakfast with Godfrey

"It's awfully damned early to get up," says Alan Otten, Washington bureau chief for the *Wall Street Journal*. "You get ragged and your wife gets irritable." But Otten continues to rise at 6:30 several mornings a month for "Breakfast with Godfrey." The lure is a chance to fire questions at a politician before the sleep is out of his system.

Named after Godfrey Sperling Jr., news manager of the Washington bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor*, "Breakfast with Godfrey" has become a Washington institution. Since 1966,

WALTER BENNETT

on the record or he may use various camouflage devices like "an Administration" or "White House" source. "Basically, they're all on the make one way or another," says Lisagor. "The White House guys come over to scrub Nixon's image and get rid of any warts that seem to be developing. And we try to use them. But it's a little cozier than the usual kind of group." Adds Sperling: "The great advantage is that we can follow up questions and keep boring in. At White House and other news conferences, you don't get to ask the follow-up questions."

Most breakfasts produce at least ideas and occasionally major stories. HUD



MUSKIE AT SPERLING BREAKFAST  
The main course is grilled.

when he invited his old friend Charles Percy to lunch with a few fellow newsmen, Sperling has organized 121 breakfasts, including three last week. Invariably, they are held at 8:15 in the President's Room at the National Press Club. Only 20 reporters—the number that fits the table—are invited. Invariably, the guest finds that he is the main course as the newsmen grill him for 75 minutes.

Most of the nation's leading public figures have been on hand at least once. Among them: Hubert Humphrey, George Wallace, George McGovern, Henry Kissinger, Daniel Moynihan, Walter Reuther, Sam Yorty and John Lindsay. John Ehrlichman, paying his third visit last week, generated plenty of copy, including a Page One lead in the Washington *Evening Star*: "President Nixon's chief adviser on domestic affairs hinted today that the White House is considering seeking a ban on handguns in the District of Columbia." Peter Lisagor of the Chicago *Daily News* noted in his story that "Ehrlichman provided a rare glimpse into the President's attitudes and work habits."

Ground rules vary. A guest may talk

Secretary George Romney laid his housing program, Operation Breakthrough, on the Sperling table. Equally memorable are the breakfasts at which Spiro Agnew said Humphrey was soft on Communism and Bobby Kennedy agonized over whether to seek the 1968 Democratic presidential nomination.

A few newsmen, finding no openings around the breakfast table, have set up their own group in opposition. "We were really getting clobbered," recalls Jack Germond, Washington bureau chief for the Gannett newspapers. "So in self-defense we set up 'Political Writers for a Democratic Society.' We've had about eight or nine dinners, with people like Finch, Rogers Morton, Muskie."

But "Breakfast with Godfrey" remains the only morning session, and some think it has advantages. "We were really getting clobbered," recalls Jack Germond, Washington bureau chief for the Gannett newspapers. "So in self-defense we set up 'Political Writers for a Democratic Society.' We've had about eight or nine dinners, with people like Finch, Rogers Morton, Muskie."

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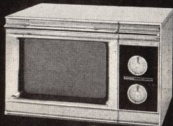
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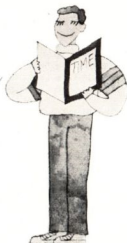
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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Johnny Cash, 38, deep-voiced king of country-and-western music, and June Carter, 40, a member of the singing Carter Family; their first child, a son; in Nashville, Tenn.

**Married.** Luther Hodges, 71, former Governor of North Carolina (1954-60) and Secretary of Commerce in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations (1961-65); and Louise Finlayson, 48, his attractive brunette secretary; both for the second time; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Paul Christman, 51, former college All-America and professional football great who became one of TV's most popular sports commentators; of a heart attack; in Lake Forest, Ill. As the University of Missouri's star tailback from 1938 to 1940, Christman gained a record 4,133 yds.; in 1947 he quarterbacked the then Chicago Cardinals to their last National Football League championship. Beginning in 1958, he brought terse, knowledgeable sports analysis to all three major networks (most recently CBS). His formula for success: "Never insult the intelligence of your viewer. If you have nothing to say, shut up."

**Died.** William Hopper, 54, actor son of the late Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper, who after many years of playing bit parts in films like *Footloose Heiress* and *Torchy Blane*, the *Adventurous Blonde*, and eight years as a car salesman, became a star of sorts as Paul Drake, Perry Mason's detective friend in the famed TV series; of a stroke; in Palm Springs, Calif.

**Died.** Frederick E. Woltman, 64, veteran Scripps-Howard newspaper reporter, winner of the Pulitzer Prize; of a heart attack; in Sarasota, Fla. In 1931, Woltman's reporting on a real estate mortgage-bond racket in New York City won a Pulitzer for the *New York World-Telegram*, but he is best remembered for his Pulitzer prizewinning series in 1946 uncovering Communist infiltration into unions, during which he exposed Gerhart Eisler as the Kremlin's principal agent in the U.S.

**Died.** Daniel Comstock, 86, M.I.T. physicist who helped Engineer Herbert Kalmus develop the Technicolor process for making color movies; in Concord, Mass. Though they began work in 1914, it took Comstock and Kalmus more than six years to develop their complex color process; even then, their first commercial film, a 1922 feature starring Anna May Wong, was at best blurry and unpromising. It was not until 1932, seven years after Comstock had left the partnership to develop a color process for still photography, that Technicolor came into its own as a commercial success.



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## CINEMA

### Rome, B.C., A.F.

If I had taken these fantasies of the unconscious as art, they would have carried no more conviction than visual perceptions, as if I were watching a movie.

—Carl Jung

There have been hundreds of Freudian films: *Fellini Satyricon* is probably the first—and certainly the most important—Jungian one. In the course of two hours and seven minutes, images, totems, and archetypes rise and burst like hydrogen sulfide bubbles from the marsh of the collective unconscious. The un-

homosexual. His wanderings lead him not to godlike beings but to all too human Romans.

**Vulgarian's Feast.** The true *Satyricon* is shot through with fragments of poetry. The *Fellini Satyricon* finds visual equivalents—but often at the price of coherence. Scenes are shifted, new ones are added, characters are blunted or sharpened. Still, Fellini has left the Petronian framework intact. Like almost all his social satire, *Satyricon* is a picaresque journey through the beds and banquet halls of Rome. Now Encolpius skirmishes for the affections of the young invert Giton (Max Born); now impotent, he whimpers

MARY ELLEN MARK



FELLINI (RIGHT) DIRECTING "SATYRICON"  
Bubbles from the collective unconscious.

synchronized sound track has the timbre of racial memory, echoing some eternal dream time. The film's devices are, in fact, so frenzied and eruptive that they tend to obscure an artlessness of thought or substance. Perhaps it is just as well; the *Fellini Satyricon* is manifestly made for the eye's mind, not the mind's eye. "Faces are my words," says the film maker, and he manages to make them speak an epic.

Cinema's greatest living satirist (*La Dolce Vita*, 8½, *Juliet of the Spirits*), Director Federico Fellini has always been half in love with his main target: decadence. His favorite gallery is Rome, where the extravaganzas of the Via Veneto add daily calories to the Sweet Life. The Appian Way leads into the past, into the harsh, lurid revels of Petronius, who mocked Nero's ancient Sybarites with the first *Satyricon*. Although only fragments of that manuscript survive, they are enough to reveal a Homeric spoof. The hilariously ignoble hero, Encolpius (sometimes translated as "the Crotch"), is a randy

about his "blunted sword"; now he over-stuffs his gullet at a vulgarian's feast; now he is a starveling captive aboard a slave ship.

Fellini calls his *Satyricon* a "science-fiction trip into the past instead of the future." It blasts off with a scene so brilliant that the whole picture shivers from the thrust. In a masque, a musically flatulent clown capers on a stage, mocking the audience with scatological jokes and gestures. A grinning idiot is carried onstage and led to a chopping block. A headman mimes a blow with his weapon—then chops the victim's hand off to a chorus of cackles, while freshets of blood stain the scene. It is a savage fragment of the cinema of cruelty, a death-in-life image, like T.S. Eliot's perception of "the skull beneath the skin."

Viewers—and the *Satyricon*'s satyrs—periodically struggle upward toward the light, as if trying to wake from the sleep of reason. Unhappily, the light fails, for almost all the main characters are inept performers whose unmarked faces cannot register more than satiety

and fatigue. The fault lies partly with the director. In the Fellini version, the actors literally performed by saying the numbers. "It was a multilingual cast," says the maestro. "So instead of having them speak dialogue, I often just had them count one, two, three." Hiram Keller, recruited from the Broadway production of *Hair* to play Encolpius' intimate, Ascyllus, was given instructions of equal subtlety: "You are evil and you lay everything in sight."

**Maestro's Strength.** Yet in so plotless a pastiche, the population matters less than the imagination that propels it. That quality the film has in superabundance. Fellini's style is less theatrical than amphitheatrical. Colossal grotesques leap from private fantasy to public mind. In a set daubed with indelible cerulean and blood red, an albino hermaphrodite possessed of occult powers is abducted—only to wither pitifully in the desert. A quadruple amputee somehow manages a deep bow.

The catalogue of images is not as unrelated as it seems. At its best, the scenario synthesizes art, moving like music, and spreading out like a suite of paintings. In this, *Fellini Satyricon* exceeds the original. Petronius could only describe the obscenity of the banquet staged by Trimalchio, the *nouveau riche*. Fellini could portray it as a vignette of Rome at the end of its parabola of grandeur, complete with elaborate jokes and hoaxes. It is an occasion as bizarre and funny as the film's conclusion—in which a lady leaves a fortune to friends, with the proviso that they dissect her corpse and eat it. As always, the maestro's greatest strength is anecdotal. His account of a patrician husband and wife who commit suicide rather than submit to imprisonment is as affecting as the short tales of *La Dolce Vita*. His story of the adventures of a woman and the corpse of her husband is neoclassic black comedy.

**Oyster's Autobiography.** The mosaic of individual insights and adventures never unifies into a single, coherent vision. It is as if the director, sidetracked by the individuals, grew impatient with the crowd. Much of Fellini's extracurricular career is spent deflecting exegeses of his films, but he seems genuinely anxious to have audiences compare his ancient Rome with that of the Twentieth Centurians. "Rome in its decline was quite similar to our world today," he insists. "There was the same fury of enjoying life, the same lack of moral principles and ideologies, and the same complacency. Today we are finished with the Christian myth and await a new one. There is analogy in *Satyricon*." But history, unlike jurisprudence, is not always based on precedent. It is, in Valéry's term, "the science of what never happens twice."

The simple juxtaposition of contemporary *Angst* with a spiritually exhausted Rome Before Christ (and After Fellini) is as facile as it is false. Below the rationale, Fellini seems to sense as much. Encolpius and his colleagues are too

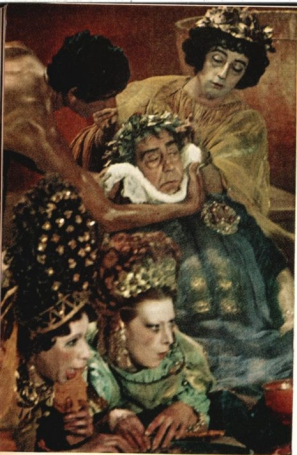


"My Satyricon," says Fellini, "is set in a world in which I don't recall having lived." To jog his memory—and the memories of those in the audience who cannot recall Nero's Rome

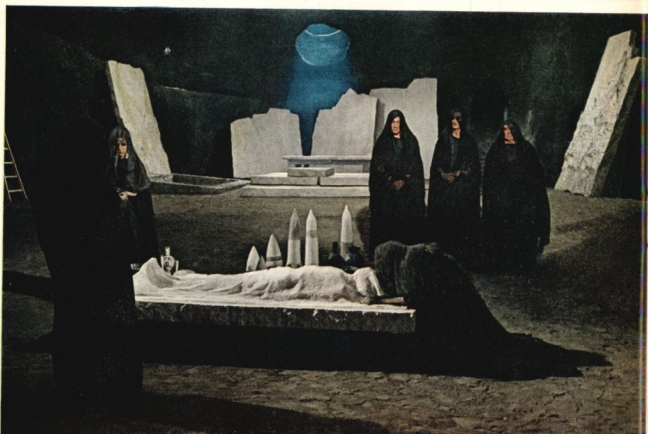
—Fellini brilliantly reconstructs a contradictory society. It is haunted by elemental godheads (above) and satiated by such rococo treats as a roast pig stuffed with thrushes.



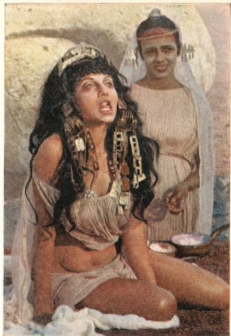
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCIS PERRA—ARND BRONKHORST



Trimalchio, nouveau riche to the core, mounts a banquet of unsurpassable vulgarity and surrounds himself with a company of grotesques.







In a dreamscape, symbols and characters wander as if in a Bosch triptych. Trimalchio's guests enjoy a communal candlelit bath (left); above, a maiden is offered as an ironic prize—to an impotent gladiator.



To the "bonfire of my old affections and habits," the maestro, a lapsed Catholic, consigns religion. At a grotesque funeral (left), a robed penitent bathes a

corpse in kisses. Above, a cruelly mal-formed beggar—recruited from present-day Rome—approaches the grotto of an albino hermaphrodite, seeking a cure.

In the Fellini translation, molten eroticism is given a literal interpretation by a sorceress with fire in her thighs (below).





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obviously fashioned after contemporary faggots; his mourning widow is ominously representative of Jackie Kennedy; his wall friezes seem copied less from Roman basements than department-store casements. The forced modernity denies complexity and does much to weaken the work's polished irony.

Still, no one else could have brought a tenth of the *Satyricon* to the screen without the customary lubricity and X-rated smirks. When, in a climactic scene, Encolpius recovers his potency at the thighs of a gigantic black Venus, the viewer feels less a voyeur than an observer of some elemental sexual ritual brought intact from the beginning of the world. To be sure, between such moments, the film proves so personal that it amounts to solipsism. "The pearl," as the director once modestly observed, "is only the oyster's autobiography." *Fellini Satyricon*, at the end, may even be considered no more than an orgy of self-indulgence. But what a self! And what indulgence!

## Back-Room Ballad

The grizzled old Westerner stares longingly at the Gila monster. Reaching slowly and cautiously down, the prospector has the lizard shot right out of his hand. "You peckerwoods just raised hell with our supper," he complains as two grungy rounders advance on him. "It's just like you said, Hogue," says one, "there's enough water for two but not for three." They rob him of his canteen and leave him to die.

That is the beginning of a new movie called *The Ballad of Cable Hogue* and, truth to tell, there is not much more of a plot after that. Cable (Jason Robards) stubbornly battles thirst and wins, discovering a water hole in the desert. He stakes a claim, swears revenge on his two partners (Strother Martin and L.Q. Jones) and meets a tasty tart named Hildy (Stella Stevens), who winds up keeping house at his combination water hole and stagecoach stop. He falls in with an itinerant preacher and whoremonger who calls himself the Rev. Joshua Duncan Sloane (David Warner) and who can spin his clerical collar around into layman's garb faster than most men can draw a pistol. Everyone sort of threatens, jokes and loves each other, and gets in each other's way. All in all, pretty unlikely ingredients for an exceptionally fine movie.

**Middle-Aged.** That it achieves such distinction so effortlessly is due in large part to the wizardry of Director-Producer Sam Peckinpah, who makes shooting a movie look as easy as whitening. *Cable Hogue* shows a new side of Peckinpah. It is not so melancholy as *Ride the High Country* or so raw and violent as *The Wild Bunch*. It is quiet, lyrical, bawdy, funny and sad in almost equal portions, exactly as a good back-room yarn should be.

Cable, like other Peckinpah heroes, is a man who knows he is fast becoming an anachronism. Pike Bishop and his band

of middle-aged outlaws in *The Wild Bunch* realized that the days of living by their guns were "passing fast," and aging Frontier Marshal Steve Judd was greeted with derisive hoots as he rode down the main street of a booming little Western town at the opening of *Ride the High Country*. Cable is a frontiersman at heart, with no love for cities or their inhabitants. It shames him to admit he cannot spell his name, and he has no notion of what collateral is. But such men were the essence of the new country, and Cable's ever-prospering water hole becomes a symbol of the opening West.

Cable dies as must have been pre-ordained: a motorcar starts rolling down a sandhill and the frontiersman, dealing with the machine as if it were an unruly stallion, is run down by progress.



ROBARDS & STEVENS IN "CABLE HOGUE"

Recent as yesterday.

It is a measure of Peckinpah's great skill that he makes such a mechanical symbolic device not only work but seem perfectly fitting and inevitable.

**Lickerish Cleric.** Not all of Peckinpah's devices work so well. An engraved face on a \$5 bill waggles its eyes suggestively and needlessly as Cable ponders spending the money on Hildy. But such isolated faults seem insignificant alongside Peckinpah's larger virtues. Even his rambling lends the story a leisurely lyricism rare in films today.

His actors all perform immaculately. Jason Robards gives the screen performance of his life. Stella Stevens is cynical and wistful with equal facility, and David Warner is wonderfully funny and moving as the lickerish cleric. Together with Peckinpah's usual stock company of Martin and Jones, they make the old desert as real and recent as yesterday. With this film, Peckinpah unmistakably becomes the successor to John Ford, not only as a director of westerns but as an American film artist.

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**Family.** While the children are still dependent, your family will probably need at least 60% of your present monthly income. How much beyond what Social Security pays will it take to make up the amount they need?

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## BUSINESS

### The Scandal of Secret Swiss Bank Accounts

AS the law now stands, a U.S. citizen who has a substantial amount of cash that he wants to hide from the Internal Revenue Service has no real problem. He can take it out of the country, entirely legally, deposit it in a secret Swiss bank account, then arrange to have the bank return it as a foreign "loan"—and defy the IRS to say it is not. That is only one of the milder variants of a sophisticated array of illegal ploys that have been made increasingly easier in recent years by the proliferation of Swiss banks in the U.S. and U.S.

FARRELL GREHAN



ZURICH BANKERS ARRANGING STOCK TRADES  
*Resisting the tracers.*

banks in Switzerland and the Bahamas. U.S. officials most intimately concerned with the problem conservatively estimate that the misuse of secret bank accounts may be draining the nation of hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

Last week Assistant Treasury Secretary Eugene T. Rossides gave the Nixon Administration's belated blessing to the means of crackdown proposed by Representative Wright Patman, in a bill designed to tighten the rules on foreign financial transactions. The measure, in its probable final form, will require U.S. banks to keep records of foreign transactions by their customers and to report unusually large withdrawals. Individuals will have to report all transfers of money exceeding \$5,000 in or out of the country and open their own records of foreign bank accounts to Government inspection upon request.

The Treasury first promised its cooperation last July, then suddenly reversed itself after a delegation of bank-

ers privately protested that a Patman proposal to allow the Treasury Secretary to require records of all domestic checks and deposits as well—some 40 billion a year in all—might impose an impossible paper-work burden. Now that the Administration has reversed itself again, Congress seems likely to adopt the Patman bill soon.

The bill will aid Government investigators in tracing the often devious routes by which money goes abroad and returns anonymously to the U.S. Robert M. Morgenthau, former U.S. Attorney for the New York area, asserts that some Swiss bank accounts are used to deposit the profits of heroin trafficking. Less often recognized is the dubious or downright illegal use of Swiss bank accounts by seemingly respectable businessmen.

**Margins and Taxes.** An increasing number of Swiss banks have established offices in New York and sent representatives to Las Vegas. They have standing accounts with Wall Street brokers, and do far more trading in bonds and securities than their domestic customers could possibly require. In fact, Americans dealing through the banks have been able to buy and sell on the stock exchanges, ignoring SEC requirements on margins, evading taxes on profits and indulging in forbidden insider trading.

At the same time, major U.S. banks—the Bank of America, Chase Manhattan and First National City—have set up shop in Switzerland, a move that entitles their Swiss branches to all the protection and secrecy of Swiss banking law. In several Swiss cities, the largest volume of business is done by the local branches of American banks. Americans now own or control several banks in Switzerland and in the Bahamas, which offers an equally attractive haven of secrecy and now has 52 banks for a population of 180,000.

The most persistent advocate of disclosure laws has been Morgenthau, who was abruptly fired by the Nixon Administration last December and replaced by a Republican. Democrat Morgenthau is now a deputy mayor of New York—and still convinced that his probing into bank records of foreign accounts "was making the Administration extremely nervous." Before he was fired, Morgenthau had persuaded federal grand juries to indict 75 persons for financial crimes involving secret bank accounts, and had referred dozens of other cases to the Internal Revenue Service. The cases demonstrate a variety of ways in which U.S. businessmen put their Swiss connections to illegal but profitable use. Items:

► Two Manhattan men, Irving Braverman and Sydney Rosenstein, were in-

dicted for tax evasion on a large scale. According to the indictment, they own 50% of Foremost Brands Inc. and McInerney Sales Inc., and also acted as sales representatives in Europe for several U.S. corporations, making their sales largely to American PXs. They are accused of diverting some \$3 million in commissions to a secret bank account through a dummy trust registered in Liechtenstein.

► The Houston Oil Field Materials Co., now International Systems & Controls, was indicted for violating margin re-

FLIP SCHULKE



NASSAU'S BAY STREET MAIL DROP  
*Routing the riches.*

quirements while making a takeover attempt through a foreign account. According to Government prosecutors, HOMCO transferred \$300,000 to a Uruguayan-based brokerage firm. The money was deposited in First Hanover Corp. as margin for purchase of \$1 million worth of shares of Holly Sugar Corp., ostensibly for the Uruguayan firm, but in fact for HOMCO. Next HOMCO made a public offer, which raised the price of Holly Sugar shares—and then dumped its holdings for about \$1 million profit.

► One taxpayer brashly claimed a bad-debt deduction because a foreign company had failed to repay a loan; in reality he owned the company, and the "loan" was a payment to himself from a secret foreign account.

The most interesting transaction through Swiss banks, however, bears no evidence of illegality. It involved Randolph H. Guthrie, a senior partner of Nixon's former law firm. Guthrie's firm,

BOB PETERSON



EX-PROSECUTOR MORGENTHAU  
*Tracing the routes.*

which represents the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, last fall was instrumental in arranging a \$40 million loan for the New York-based conglomerate Liquidonics Industries to gain control of UMC Industries, a St. Louis defense contracting firm. Had the deal been arranged through an American bank, it would have violated SEC margin requirements, Guthrie asserts—and he has not been disputed—that margin requirements do not apply to foreign banks. Liquidonics was unable to repay the \$40 million, so the Swiss bank took over its stock and gave it to a subsidiary. The new chairman of UMC Industries: Randolph H. Guthrie.

Morgenthau's investigations raise serious questions about the ethical role of U.S. banks as conduits for illegal dealings. For instance, says Morgenthau, "the facilities of a California bank and a Midwestern bank were used, under circumstances that should have aroused suspicion, to transfer from an American company to a Swiss bank funds that were being used to pay kickbacks to employees of N.C.O. and officers' clubs overseas." One of the New York banks that Morgenthau was investigating was Manufacturers Hanover Trust, whose Wall Street branch handled millions skimmed from Saigon's black market in recent years. The money was deposited in an account designated Pry Sumeen 677, a cryptonym derived from the names of three Indian families involved in black-marketeering in Saigon. The Pry Sumeen account has recently been active again, according to Senator Abraham Ribicoff. Last week he charged that money from a U.S.-backed fund intended to stabilize the Laotian currency (whose basic unit is the kip) turned up in the same account.

**Transfer from Saigon.** Bankers maintain that they do not knowingly handle any illegal transactions, but the point can be a fine one. Can a corporation re-

main formally unaware even though some of its employees, in their official capacity, can hardly avoid knowing of illegal dealings? An estimated \$1 billion to \$2 billion has been siphoned from Viet Nam into U.S. and foreign banks by profiteering Americans, Vietnamese and their allies. Typically, black marketers sell their illegally obtained military scrip at discounts of up to 60%. The Americans then take the scrip to a bank and buy travelers' checks or a certified check.

The Patman bill will at least require U.S. banks to be as helpful to the Government as they have been unquestioning of their customers. This week a delegation from Zurich will arrive in Washington to discuss a treaty to curb the use of secret accounts for activities illegal under Swiss law. But in such matters as tax evasion, which is not considered a crime in Switzerland, the Swiss have given no indication that they are willing to help enforce U.S. tax laws. This makes even more urgent the Patman bill's provision to require disclosure before money bound for Switzerland or the Bahamas leaves U.S. shores.

## THE ECONOMY

### Insistent Signals

The warning signals of recession flashed more insistently than ever across the U.S. economy last week.

Unemployment rose to its highest level in 4½ years. The February jobless rate was 4.2%, up from 3.9% in January. In human terms, the figures mean that 3,800,000 people were out of work last month, compared with only 3,400,000 a month earlier. The configuration of the increase looks even more disturbing than the totals. Labor Department officials said that about three-fifths of the unemployment rise during January and February involves workers who have lost their jobs, rather than new

workers who have not yet found positions. Unemployment among non-whites, which was surprisingly stable in the fall, jumped last month from 6.3% to 7%—a portent of social as well as economic difficulties.

As economists expected, the brunt of the overall increase in joblessness has hit blue-collar workers in durable-goods manufacturing, the major sinew of U.S. economic abundance. In just twelve months, the durable-goods jobless rate almost doubled—from a post-Korean War low of 2.5% to 4.7% last month. The troubled auto industry, beset by a winter of declining sales and layoffs of thousands of workers, accounted for one-third of the February rise in unemployment, Government statisticians said.

Automakers' problems look almost picaresque compared with those of the mighty aerospace industry, the nation's largest manufacturing employer. Last week sixth-ranking Lockheed Aircraft Corp. announced a \$32.6 million net loss for 1969, against a profit of \$44.5 million the year before. Because of a contract dispute with the Defense Department, the company wrote off \$150 million against pretax income. Now it has asked the Pentagon for a \$600 million cash advance. Without the money, said Lockheed Chairman Daniel J. Houghton, the company will have to stop work on four major military programs: its C-5A cargo jets, Cheyenne helicopters, missile engines and ships. All four programs involve disputes between Lockheed and the armed forces over eventual contract prices.

**Downsigns.** The Nixon Administration's efforts to combat inflation by slowing the economy have long been expected to squeeze corporate profits. Even so, the latest figures on last year's earnings sketch a darkening portrait of business fortunes. A survey last month by the New York Stock Exchange showed that the net income of



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559 Big Board companies dropped 11% in 1969 from the year before. Some industries fared much worse. Earnings of the twelve largest U.S. airlines plunged 43% last year to \$152 million, as operating costs soared and the growth of passenger traffic slowed. Retailers have also experienced disappointing profits, partly because they have been forced to cut prices to lure inflation-conscious customers. For example, J.C. Penney Co.'s net income rose only 1.7% last year to \$110.9 million despite a 13% sales gain to \$3.75 billion.

Almost all of the economic figures that wiggle watchers study now point down. The statisticians have stopped saying "Wait until next month." Right now the price of cooling inflation is taking its toll of the nation's labor force and much of its industry.

## WALL STREET

### Looking Around the Corner

The stock market lives by its crystal ball. For the past five weeks, the belief that interest rates have passed their peak has lifted share prices and investors' spirits in approximately equal measure. The "baby bank rally," as brokers have dubbed the winter rebound, draws some of its support from cuts in the prime lending rate, from 8½% to 8%, by a handful of small banks. Though executives of most major banks have scoffed at the reductions as premature, last week's mix of economic fact and forecast strengthened Wall Street's conviction that easier money is on the way. One indication: the Dow-Jones Municipal Bond index declined last week to 6%, the lowest level since last October.

A.W. Clausen, president of the Bank of America, predicted a one-half of 1% drop in the U.S. prime rate "in the next two or three months." He added that the rate could fall by a full percentage point during 1970, and perhaps more if the economy slows faster than expected.

Stocks that are sensitive to interest rates—housing and construction companies, utilities, savings and loan associations and banks—led last week's advance. On the New York Stock Exchange, the Dow-Jones industrial average rose 61 points this week, a gain of 40 points from its seven-year low of 744 on Jan. 30. The rally has been notable for its lack of speculative froth. Many glamour stocks have behaved erratically, up one day, down the next, while blue chips have surged ahead. General Motors, for example, gained \$3 a share last week and long-depressed General Electric was up \$5.

Although expectations of an end to the 15-month-old bear market have proved false before, many brokers now feel that a psychological barrier has been passed. "We're getting our shopping list ready," says Norton Reamer, vice president of Putnam Management Co., which runs eight mutual funds with \$1.8 billion assets. "We're looking spec-

cifically for depressed stocks that would benefit from improved consumer spending, which we expect later this year." Kenneth Ward of Hayden, Stone, echoing a common sentiment among analysts, says: "It is bound to take time, but the market is beginning to look around the corner."

Economists consider stock prices to be a leading indicator of future business conditions. In the four recessions of the past 20 years, the stock market declined before the economy did and turned up anywhere from three to ten months before the economy. The tantalizing question is whether history will once again repeat itself. Hardly any analysts are yet willing to call the rally the start of a bull market, but the clouds do seem to be thinning a bit.

(average: 15%) have been followed by rising prices.

**Weak Governments.** To a considerable degree, the outflow of lire also reflects Italy's political troubles. Last week President Giuseppe Saragat was seeking someone to try to form the country's 28th Cabinet since World War II, following the resignation of Premier Mariano Rumor. Progressively weaker governments have failed to grapple with the country's Byzantine state bureaucracy or to create an attractive climate for investors by, for instance, modernizing Italy's corporate laws. Investors avoid the Italian stock exchange, because manipulation by insiders is common and because disclosure of corporate revenues and profits is minimal. While Italy starves for venture capital, its citizens more and more seek outlets for their funds abroad.

The smuggling operation is simplicity itself. Italians hide wads of bills in suitcases, skiing gear, golf bags and false compartments of their automobiles. Border guards manage to seize only about 5% of the money. Once out of Italy, travelers make straight for one of the Swiss banks that are clustered almost as thickly as espresso bars in towns along the frontier. When deposited, the freely convertible lire are mostly used to buy Eurobonds or mutual-fund shares. Until last month, the Swiss banks had only to mail the lire to their nearest correspondent bank in Italy to receive full credit in any currency.

**Discount for Delay.** Fearing a serious balance of payments crisis, the Bank of Italy then acted to stanch the flow of lire. In a stunningly simple move, the bank decreed that lire from

abroad would henceforth be converted to other currencies only at the bank's headquarters in Rome. It also made it clear that clerks would take their time handling the transactions. Swiss banks immediately passed on the cost of delay by accepting lira deposits only at discounts of up to 10%.

Coming atop Italy's other problems, the action was enough to bring the once strong lira down to 650 to the dollar last week, its lowest level since 1952. The irony is that Italy's labor costs are lower than those of any other industrialized country, and rapidly rising productivity will offset much of the wage increases won in the autumn strikes. Yet to achieve the rate of investment necessary for the economy to continue to grow, the country needs a government capable of inspiring confidence. Until such a government comes to power, even Italian officials admit that the new rules will not stop the flow of lire across the border.



LIRA SMUGGLERS APPROACHING LUGANO BANK

A deep-seated malaise.

## ITALY

### Flight of the Lira

Smuggling currency abroad has long been a national pastime for Italians. For nearly a decade they have been carting lire by the billions across the border, partly to evade domestic taxes and partly in response to better investment opportunities in other countries. Though aware of the illicit traffic, Italian governments have tolerated it as comparatively harmless in a thriving economy.

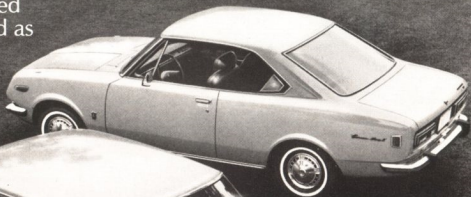
In recent months, the practice has not only risen to alarming proportions but has emerged as the symptom of a deep-seated economic malaise. Last year the illegal flight of lire rose to \$2.25 billion, enough to wipe out the benefits of Italy's overall trade surplus and create a \$1.37 billion balance of payments deficit. A winter wave of strikes cost many industries the equivalent of a month's production. The resulting wage increases



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## When Landlords Walk Away

THE U.S. is stumbling into a rapidly worsening housing shortage. Soaring costs and shrinking credit have crippled new construction even though vacancy rates have fallen to a 20-year low. Yet in many of the nation's troubled central cities, the most visible housing difficulty is of an entirely different order—a lack not of buildings but of neighborhoods deemed fit to live in, even by the poor. As a consequence, acres of houses and apartment buildings have been abandoned by their owners and tenants to decay.

No one knows exactly how many abandoned dwellings there are in the U.S., since the paradoxical problem has been only recently recognized and little studied. The phenomenon is most prominent in the aging industrial cities of the East and Midwest. By the best estimates available, 130,000 apartments and houses have been left to rot in New York City during the past four years—enough to house the population of El Paso. There are 950 vacant buildings in Chicago, 20,000 abandoned buildings in Philadelphia, 5,000 in Baltimore, at least 1,500 in Detroit, and around 1,000 in Boston and Washington. The trend is also evident in some Southern cities with large minority populations. For example, there are some 900 abandoned residential buildings in New Orleans.

In ghost neighborhoods, the symptoms are depressingly the same. Brooklyn's wastelands in Bedford-Stuyvesant resemble those along Penn Avenue in Pittsburgh and 14th Street in Washington. Each of the half-forgotten neighborhoods has a bombed-out, end-of-a-war appearance; about all of them lingers the stale odor of moldering plaster and rotting wood. Peeling paint is everywhere; streets glisten with shards of glass from broken windows. Front doors have been ripped from their hinges, and human excrement often litters the stairwells. Interior partitions are punched through, floors broken up and obscene pictures scrawled on the walls. Yet in their essential structure, the hulks are often solid and no more unattractively designed than the millions of other

elderly buildings that form the bulk of the nation's inner-city housing stock.

The abandonments are caused by a convergence of urban ills: crime, shifting populations, economic squeeze and the American propensity to waste. Nearly all of today's abandoned houses are in ghettos or neighborhoods in transition as the white population departs. But it is far too simplistic to blame only the influx of black families for the decay and abandonments. Most slum neighborhoods were near-slums long before their white residents moved away.

The houses are left empty partly because the role of slum landlord has become less and less profitable. New York City landlords cite the abandoned buildings as proof of a financial squeeze, and reason enough for the city to repeal its rent-control law, which has frozen rents at below-market levels since 1943.

Rent control greatly aggravates the abandonment problem in New York City, but it does not explain why houses are abandoned in other cities that have no controls. The reasons are complex. Many landlords took their profits years ago without maintaining their buildings, and the massive repairs needed now are beyond their means. As tenants become more militant and prod city authorities into stricter enforcement of housing codes, landlords see their profits dwindling and their properties tied up in red tape. Says former Slumlord Murray Talenfeld, who now lectures on real estate at the University of Pittsburgh: "Pretty soon the slumlord has the feeling he is controlled like a public utility, so he just walks away from his properties and says to hell with it."

**Midnight Plumbers.** When that happens, destruction is swift. Word immediately spreads among vandals, and "midnight plumbers" move in to tear out everything that can be sold. A Baltimore housing official describes the process: "On the first night, the building is looted. With the plumbing gone, the building is no longer habitable. The next night, or soon, the kids on dope slide in. Then the neighborhood's ap-

prentice arsonist pays a visit." Such social disorder is infectious and it is often the prime factor that impels law-abiding ghetto dwellers to flight.

Private developers, even if they want to renovate the buildings, find the forces of blight overpowering. When Baltimore Builder Allen Quille, himself a black, set out to rehabilitate one area in order to sell it to black tenants, neighborhood gangs broke in nightly to steal the fixtures, then sold them back to him the next day. He built a fence and bought a watchdog; they stole the dog. Quille put the ringleader on his payroll, and the youth demanded huge raises.

**Community Loss.** A few local governments have been more effective in rehabilitating abandoned homes, but their piecemeal approaches come nowhere near coping with the dimensions of the problem. Pittsburgh's Urban Redevelopment Authority has plans to clear 170 acres for 500 new row houses and apartments and to rehabilitate another 1,000 homes, with \$25 million in city, state and federal funds. Baltimore's Housing and Community Development Agency has bought 400 houses to rehabilitate and either sell, or rent as public housing. Philadelphia has the most ambitious program of all. With the help of \$70 million in federal funds over the past three years, the city has rehabilitated 4,800 homes for rental to low-income families. The trouble is that as fast as houses can be renovated, others are abandoned.

Some of the houses deserve to be junked, but the abandonment of others is a loss to the community because they could be salvaged. Cities complain that they lack the resources to cope with the problem. Frank S. Kristof, director of the housing-programs division for the New York State Urban Development Corporation, argues that a huge infusion of federal funds is needed, both to rehabilitate the houses and to maintain them. Any such federal program would have to be directed at whole neighborhoods. Instead of building new subsidized public housing—which often "locks people into the cities," as Kristof puts it—federal housing and aid might better be used to

DESERTED ROW HOUSES IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

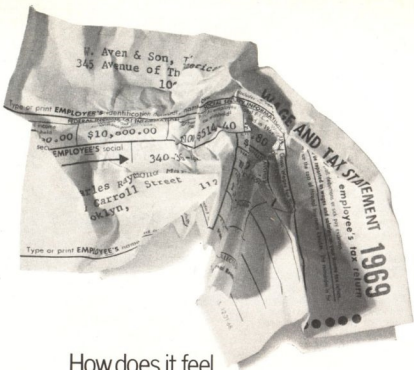


WALTER DENNETT

EMPTY APARTMENTS IN BROOKLYN



FRED MCCARRAH



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Government power projects, on the other hand, though they sell hundreds of millions of dollars worth of electricity that goes to millions of residential, commercial and industrial users, do not yield any tax revenue to our national treasury. For example, from 1953 to 1968, more than \$4,411,000,000 in federal tax revenues were lost through this situation.

This is because consumers who use government

electric power are not required to pay in their electric bills the same taxes that other Americans pay. Obviously, everyone else has to make up the difference. That is one reason why so many people are paying more than their share of federal taxes.

What is suggested is that government electric power businesses assume federal tax-paying responsibility, as do the investor-owned electric power companies. This would spread the federal tax more fairly among electric users and open an added source of revenue to help meet the costs of government.

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\*For names of sponsoring companies, write to: Power Companies, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019

make neighborhoods attractive to middle-class families that cities are struggling in vain to retain.

Encouraging private builders to put up luxury apartments would lead to a natural upgrading of housing all along the line. Manhattan's West Side, for instance, once a decaying area dotted with abandoned buildings, has been renovated in this fashion and is becoming a popular residential area—though it took 15 years, a costly federal urban-renewal project and the Lincoln Center to lure private capital back. At a time when the Nixon Administration has declared that for every new demand on the federal Treasury some old claim must be reduced, the chances for a massive infusion of funds seem meager. If that is so, U.S. cities can expect the abandonment problem to increase.

## ADVERTISING

### Europe's Creative New Breed

Phillippe Hautefeuille, head of the tiny Paris advertising agency that bears his name, had long been delighted to promote the wares of Airborne, a French furniture manufacturer. It came as a shock when he learned that the company could afford only a skimpy \$50,000 for its 1969 campaign. "Mon dieu," recalls Hautefeuille, "a major impact was just not possible. But then I got to thinking. Whatever we did had to be audacious."

On the theory that a chair should be sold for its anatomical comfort, Hautefeuille devised a callipygous montage. He commissioned some 2,000 photographs of bare buttocks, those of his employees, their children and friends. "We cropped the pictures right down to the buttocks itself," says the adman. "It was more abstract—not obscene, not vulgar, not ugly." The resulting two-page layout of 50 men's, women's and children's buttocks became the talk of Europe. After its publication in major French, German and Belgian magazines, delighted readers pinned the ad to office walls all over the Continent and Airborne enjoyed a 40% sales increase.

Such startling showmanship is part of a creative uprising that is transforming the once stodgy European ad scene and bringing a rapid end to the Old World bias against advertising. The U.S. still leads the world in ad expenditures (1969: \$19.5 billion, up 7% from 1968), but ad outlays in Europe are rising faster. In the countries that make most use of advertising—West Germany, Britain, France, Italy, Sweden, Switzerland and The Netherlands—expenditures last year totaled \$6.3 billion, up 12.5% from \$5.6 billion in 1968.

**Trouble in the Middle.** An important share of the big accounts are still held by American giants, notably J. Walter Thompson and Young & Rubicam, which have dominated European advertising for years. But the long creative hegemony of U.S. agencies is being broken by a new breed of mostly young,



HAUTEFEUILLE & MONTAGE OF BOTTOMS  
*Callipygous audacity.*

Europe-trained admen who have formed their own small firms. Advertising executives expect some agencies to become victims of the change. "The old-established middle-sized agencies are in the most trouble," says Jeremy Bullmore, a director of J. Walter Thompson in London. "The ones that will prosper are the international full-service agencies and the small nimble ones that can generate excitement."

Despite slender budgets, the new agencies produce eye-catching graphics and pungent copy. For example, a recent ad for Alfa Romeo by the French subsidiary of London's Colman, Prentis & Varley shows an ignition key stuck in



ALFA ROMEO ADVERTISEMENT  
*Ignoring obscurity.*

a succulent red apple under the single word "Temptation." A breezy approach to sex and nudity is another hallmark of the New Wave. A lingerie ad in *Elle*, the French magazine, shows a couple in bed. "How was I?" she asks, slipping on her brassiere. "I love you," he replies, "and your Aubade bra."

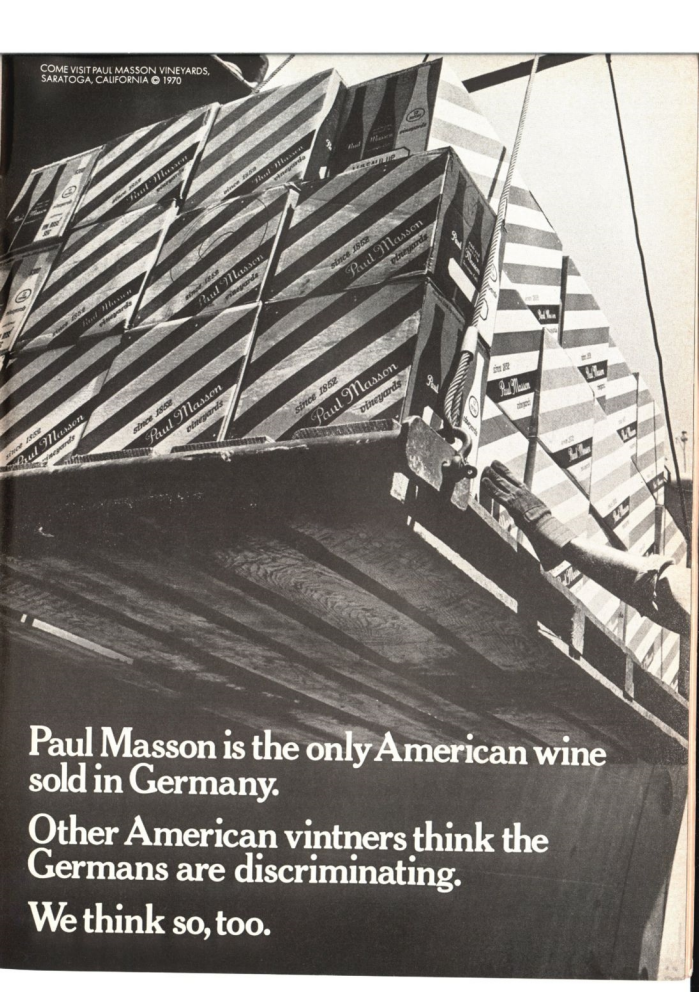
**A Fancy for Feathers.** John Pearce, chairman of London's largest creative shop, Collett, Dickinson, Pearce, contends that the new freshness is now rated highly by mass-market clients. C.D.P.'s reputation for aggressive copy has helped the firm to treble its billings to \$24 million in the past three years. "Would you let your daughter marry a Ford owner?" asks the headline in an ad for Ford Motor Co. To plug pubs run by Whitbread Beer, the agency tried a slapstick pun: "If your wife's not happy in The Baker's Arms, maybe The Feathers will tickle her fancy."

West Germany, where advertising outlays rose 15% last year to \$2.4 billion, has become Europe's largest and fastest-growing advertising market. The pace is set by a Düsseldorf agency with the unusual name of Team. The agency made its mark when a distiller gambled \$60,000 to try to move several thousand cases of unsold vodka out of his warehouse. Team came up with a series of ads showing a stalwart adventurer and a bear paddling through Finnish lakes or going on African safari. The punch line: "Puschkin Vodka for tough guys." For the next three years, the distillery could not make enough vodka to meet the demand. So successful was Team's small German campaign for French-made Vittel Mineral Water ("The water that rejuvenates your cells") that the producer switched the entire account to Team from Publicis, France's No. 2 agency. Wolfgang Vorwerk, Team's general manager, boasts: "We Germans are good enough to gain a foothold on Madison Avenue before long."

**Rationed Space.** Charles Wilp, 37, a Düsseldorf photographer turned adman, occupies a niche of his own in Europe's new advertising era. A bachelor, Wilp looks like a tired *paparazzo* and invariably dresses in canary-yellow astronaut overalls, but his flair for converting unknown products into household names is legendary. To popularize a soft drink called Afri-Cola, for example, he photographed four nude black girls through a sheet of ice. Isenbeck-Pils, a virtually unknown Ruhr beer, increased its sales by 29% after Wilp's campaign treated it as the "in" brand.

Little of Europe's new advertising creativity is to be seen on television. Government-owned stations generally allot commercial time sparingly and subject messages to rigorous regulation. Accordingly, magazines and newspapers share two-thirds of Europe's advertising billings. Some major publications, among them the *Sunday Times*, *Paris-Match* and *Stern*, have achieved the position of rationing space among a long list of waiting advertisers.





COME VISIT PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS,  
SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ● 1970

**Paul Masson is the only American wine  
sold in Germany.**

**Other American vintners think the  
Germans are discriminating.**

**We think so, too.**

## Rockwell Report

by Clark Daugherty, President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



**Most business trips abroad** a few years ago were made by top executives. Setting up businesses, entering into partnerships and other start-up activities required policy decisions and agreement at the highest levels.

We started our international business the same way, but in the last few years, we've found it also makes sense to send "opposite numbers." In other words, if one of our facilities abroad has an engineering problem, we send engineers to help solve it; an accounting problem gets accountant attention, and our domestic marketing people are getting to know their counterparts abroad on a first name basis.

One other lesson we've learned is to insist that our people allow *more* time abroad than they may think necessary. This goes beyond the difficulties of travel: experience has taught us the need to provide "reflection time" for both the visitor and the visited. Sometimes agreements reached the first day turn out to be less practical when thoroughly examined the next morning. Sometimes third parties can be brought in and add material benefits to the discussion. Clear communication is a business asset. When language differences and local practice are involved, clear communication becomes a business necessity. But if the visitor from the U. S. has rushed back home, the whole purpose—and cost—of the trip could be lost.



**For the man who's had nothing.** Women have gotten their share of push-button appliances: Now, our new UltraDrill gives the men a turn. An exclusive speed selector lets you pre-set the drill for the maximum speed to suit the material. Of course, you can also maintain trigger finger control of speed up to the pre-set maximums, either forward or reverse. It's double-insulated for safety, has an unbreakable housing, and makes drilling, screwdriving, sanding and polishing easier than ever.

**New face.** Next time you're taking a cab, look and see if the familiar Rockwell meter has a bright new face with easy to read numerals. If it does, you're sharing the ride with our revolutionary solid state taximeter. It has a completely transistorized clock unit that meters fares with accurate, split-second timing. And the unit is so dependable, we've guaranteed it for a full five years.

**Versatile vendor.** A Rockwell valve salesman recently made a call on an oil company where he talked to a six-man "buying team" from the purchasing, maintenance and engineering departments. During the call he was able to present the merits of seven of our valve product lines: Rockwell Edward valves for an ultra-cracker, Nordstroms for an ammonia unit, Permaeals for a sulphuric by-product waste system, Elastoseal and butterfly valves for crude transfer lines, Mudwonder mudline valves and Rockwell-McEvoy wellhead equipment for a subsurface disposal system. We suspect that the time savings of this kind of full-line vs. short-line selling are as significant to our customers as they are to us.

## RELIGION

### No Room for St. Francis

St. Francis of Assisi, the 13th century saint-for-all-seasons who founded the Order of Friars Minor, loved the term brother so much that he used it to address all God's creatures. Indeed, his ragged band of followers was at the beginning composed almost entirely of brothers—members of a religious order who are not ordained—and Francis himself chose never to become a priest. Yet for centuries the Franciscans have been governed only by priests, with brothers relegated to minor positions.

In 1967, a worldwide Franciscan general chapter meeting in Assisi voted to end that discrimination. The order's General Constitutions were amended to specify that "all solemnly professed friars are eligible for the offices and positions of the order." Consequently, Franciscans assumed that a brother henceforth could advance to any job, conceivably even to the office of minister general of the order itself.

Last November, after pondering the issue for two years, the Vatican's Sacred Congregation for Religious ruled otherwise. Brothers may occupy some positions of increased responsibility, said the Congregation's decree, but "non-clerical members cannot exercise the office of superior or vicar, either on the general, provincial or local level." A curial official contended that even Vatican II documents forbade brothers from holding positions over priests, but some angry Franciscans are now arguing that such a provision should not apply to their order. If it did, they reason, Founder Francis himself might today be barred from heading it.

### An American Orthodoxy?

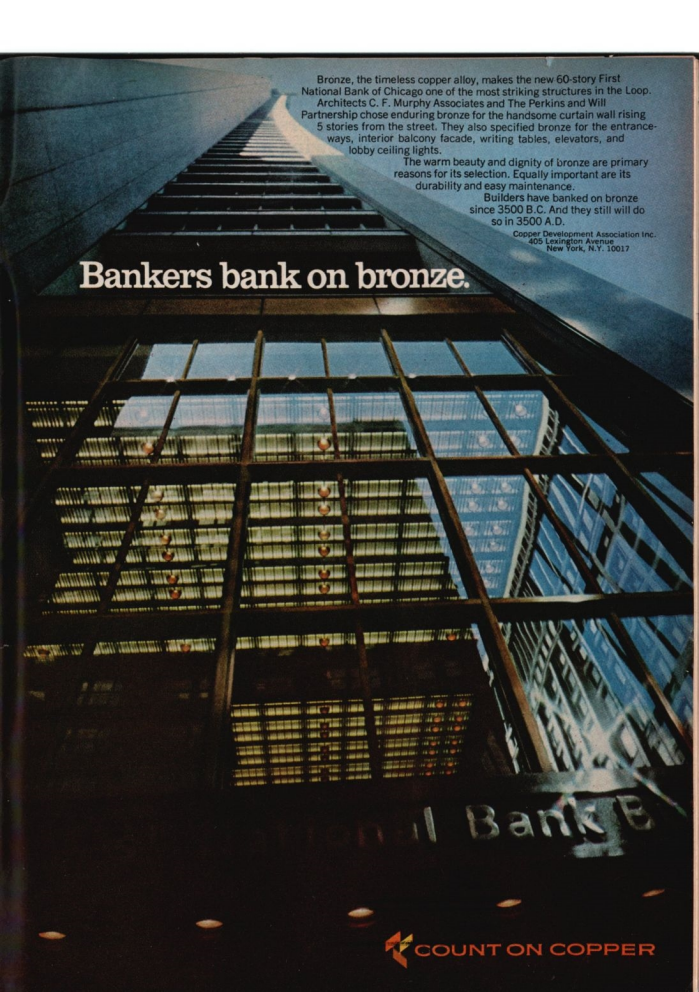
Eastern Orthodoxy is America's "fourth faith"—and perhaps its most thoroughly fragmented. The 3,000,000 Orthodox Christians in the U.S. are mostly second- or third-generation immigrants, and their churches have developed as daughter colonies of ancient sees in Eastern Europe and the Middle East. Theoretically, nothing would make more sense than to link these assorted Russians, Greeks, Serbs, Syrians, Ukrainians and others—all of whom share a common faith—into one American Orthodox Church. That dream has now reached the talking stage, only to become embroiled in the kind of old-world intra-church rivalry that has plagued Orthodoxy for centuries.

The first concrete step toward creating an independent American Orthodoxy has been taken by the Russians, who have no less than three separate churches in the U.S. By far the largest is the Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic Church of America, known generally as the Metropolia, with jurisdiction over some 350 parishes. The Metropolia has

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 28 basic markets.



**Rockwell**  
MANUFACTURING COMPANY



Bronze, the timeless copper alloy, makes the new 60-story First National Bank of Chicago one of the most striking structures in the Loop. Architects C. F. Murphy Associates and The Perkins and Will Partnership chose enduring bronze for the handsome curtain wall rising 5 stories from the street. They also specified bronze for the entranceways, interior balcony facade, writing tables, elevators, and lobby ceiling lights.

The warm beauty and dignity of bronze are primary reasons for its selection. Equally important are its durability and easy maintenance.

Builders have banked on bronze since 3500 B.C. And they still will do so in 3500 A.D.

Copper Development Association Inc.  
405 Lexington Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10017

**Bankers bank on bronze.**

 **COUNT ON COPPER**

**Watch Nureyev and Fonteyn  
at Covent Garden, have oysters and  
champagne in Soho and swing at a  
Chelsea discotheque—all in one evening  
of your fortnight in Britain**



London is a series of little villages from Hampstead Heath to Chelsea. Fashion starts in Carnaby Street. Artists are moving to Bayswater. Explore these at your leisure—and, incidentally, it's the most friendly city in Europe.

**An evening of unabashed pleasure**

But for a concentrated night out, choose the liveliest village of the lot—Soho. Here

are the clubs and casinos of London, the cafés, theaters and cinemas—Soho is the center of London after dark.

Start with oysters and champagne at one of the famous fish bars. Then, see Nureyev and Fonteyn at "The Garden", Ralph Richardson at the Old Vic, or Laurence Olivier, or Gielgud... (there are 47 theaters in five square miles).

**A nightingale dances  
in Berkeley Square**

Have dinner in one of the fashionable restaurants tucked all round Soho. And afterwards take a taxi along the Thames, the river that winds through so many of London's little villages, roping them together into a strangely assorted necklace as picturesque as any in the world,





and swing the rest of your night away in a Chelsea discotheque. Or drive north to Mayfair (another little village). In that Berkeley Square where once the nightingale sang, there's now the dizziest nightclub in Europe.

#### Four countries for the price of one

All in one evening spent in London. That's Britain all over. You get four countries for the price of one. You can rent a car, roam England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland at your leisure, and still come home from a fortnight's trip with change from \$350.

#### A fortnight in Britain — about \$350

Start with four days in London (hotels at \$15 a night); then country inns (\$5.60 for bed and breakfast); car hire for 10 days, \$70, and 1,000 miles of gas, \$25. A wide range of tours is available. Prices for 14-day trips start at \$275. Super show tours, with round-trip jet New York/London, tickets for eight hit shows, free casino admission, shopping discounts, guest-house accommodation, car hire for three days' touring in the countryside, cost \$300. Tours of London by night with dining, dancing and a swinging floor show are from \$9. Or see the city in depth, day or evening, with your own driver-guide, and explore what interests you most: London's villages; the antique markets and shops; the artists' and writers' London; Georgian, Victorian and Edwardian London, or young London. From \$14.

▶ A floating discotheque party goes down the Thames, towards Tower Bridge.

See your travel agent for full information on a variety of tours and for reservations. Also mail the coupon below for our free color booklet:

**Mayflower '70:**  
**The Pilgrims sailed in 1620—**  
**it's time you came back for a**  
**visit after 350 years.**

BRITISH TRAVEL,  
BOX 4100, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017  
Please print and include zip code.

Please send me—Vacations in Britain 1970

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92

a somewhat irregular status in Orthodoxy. During the early years of the Russian Revolution, it was cut off from contact with the Patriarchate of Moscow and was forced by circumstances to elect its own bishops. When the Patriarchate was restored to ecclesiastical power by the Soviet Union, it refused to recognize the Metropolia and organized instead its own Exarchate, or ecclesiastical province in America, which claims about 65 parishes. Over the years, these rival churches have fought bitterly with each other, and also with another church founded by Czarist White Russian refugees. Last year, however, the Patriarchate of Moscow tentatively agreed to withdraw its Exarch and recognize the Metropolia as "the Orthodox Church of America," which would then be able to invite other Orthodox bodies in North America to join its fold.

The Russian proposal—reasonable as it may seem on the surface—has thoroughly outraged the largest and wealthiest Orthodox body in the U.S., the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese of North and South America, claiming 443 parishes. The Russians contend that they have a canonical right to establish an "autocephalous" (self-governing) church in America, on the basis of historical pre-eminence: Orthodox canon law, they say, gives rights over a missionary district to the first hierarchy that establishes itself in a new area—and the Russians have had a presence in North America since 1840. The Greeks, who did not establish their American archdiocese until 1921, insist that other Orthodox canons give jurisdiction over all believers in the "diaspora churches" to the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, Athenagoras I, first among equals of the world's Orthodox bishops.

**Symbolic Eminence.** The argument over the proposed American church is merely the most recent agitation in a simmering rivalry between Constantinople and Moscow that has gone on for centuries. Despite their symbolic eminence, Patriarchs of Constantinople retained little effective power in Orthodoxy outside of the Ottoman Empire after the fall of that city to the Turks in 1453; the Russian Church has tried sporadically to assume a *de facto* position of pre-eminence ever since. What particularly annoys Patriarch Athenagoras about the Russian proposal is that he has long dreamed of organizing a "holy and great synod" that would bring together all of Orthodoxy for the first time since the last worldwide synod, at Nicea in 787. One topic on the proposed agenda for the synod would be the creation of a unified American church.

Athenagoras felt so strongly about the Russian plan that last January he wrote a letter to Patriarch Alexis of Moscow, expressing his "surprise and sorrow" and warning that if carried out, it would lead to "disastrous consequences" for Orthodoxy. He also threatened not to recognize the new church—an act

that may well lead to a serious estrangement between Greek and Russian Orthodox churches.

**Realizable Goals.** The man most vitally affected by the quarrel is Archbishop Iakovos, 58, head of the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese of North and South America. Iakovos is not only Athenagoras' American deputy (and a possible successor to the Ecumenical Patriarch); he is also the most gifted and charismatic churchman of his faith in the U.S. As chairman of the Standing Conference of Canonical Orthodox Bishops in the Americas, Iakovos would be the logical choice to preside over a unified American church. He strongly feels that the Standing Conference, which includes bishops of the Metropolia, is the only organization that can create an American church without causing disruption. The Moscow plan, in his view, would seriously divide Orthodoxy in

CARLO DAVENHOLT—LIFE



PATRIARCH ATHENAGORAS  
Surprise and sorrow.

America, just at the moment when both unity and independence for the churches are becoming realizable goals. "Orthodoxy cannot survive in the form of national groups in this country," he acknowledges, but he adds that "my clergy and I feel that we are following the right path to Orthodox unity, and we will not unite with any other scheme. I can only hope that reason and prudence will prevail."

Whether prudence in Iakovos' definition prevails now depends upon the decisions of a Russian Orthodox synod that will meet in Moscow, probably next month, to discuss independence for the Metropolia. If it goes ahead with the plan, Orthodox Christians in America may then be faced with a conflict between their yearning to ally themselves with the new independent church, and their traditional respect for the Ecumenical Patriarch as the living symbol of Orthodox unity.

## BOOKS

### Orchids and Bloodlines

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE  
by Gabriel García Márquez, translated by  
Gregory Rabassa. 422 pages. Harper &  
Row. \$7.95.

Gabriel García Márquez spent the first eight years of his life in Aracataca, a steamy banana town not far from the Colombian coast. "Nothing interesting has happened to me since," he has said. His experiences there were eventually transformed into a tenderly comic novel, just published in the U.S. after three years of enormous success in Latin America. It has survived export triumphantly. In a beautiful translation, surrealism and innocence blend to form a wholly individual style. Like rum *calentano*, the story goes down easily, leaving a rich, sweet burning flavor behind.

**Flying Carpets.** Outwardly the book is a picaresque saga of the extraordinary Buendia family in Macondo, the town they helped to found more than a century ago in the dense Colombian lowlands. Pioneer settlers from a foothills town, José Arcadio Buendia and Úrsula, his wife-cousin, start with nothing but the vehemence of their blood. They soon make Macondo into a strange oasis in the orchid-filled jungle, a primitive, otherworldly place resonant with songbirds, where there is no death, no crime, no law, no judges. The only outside visitors are gypsies, who astound the residents with magnets, false teeth, telescopes, ice and a flying carpet.

First civil war, then a railroad and a huge, U.S.-owned banana plantation gradually penetrate the town's isolation and open it to dissension and prosperity. Six generations of Buendias, all touched with fantasy and fatalism, all condemned to fundamental solitude, are born and die, often violently. Just before the family line ends in disaster, Macondo is almost abandoned, the banana farms destroyed by nearly five years of rain. Only the red-light district remains active. Finally, an inexplicable cyclone erases the town and the family.

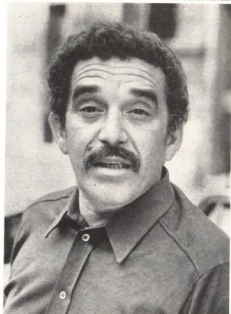
The Buendia men are introverted, impulsive, richly eccentric. José Arcadio, the founding father, all common sense when it comes to law or town design, is lured into alchemy and other esoteric sciences; he tries to use a daguerrotype machine to find the invisible player of his pianola. One of his sons, Colonel Aureliano Buendia, becomes a revolutionary leader who organizes 32 armed uprisings against a distant and corrupt "government." He

loses them all, but wins the war—only to lose the peace. Aureliano II is a roistering spendthrift who takes on all comers in eating contests. He falls only once, comatose with turkey, in a four-day duel with a fastidious lady known as "the Elephant."

García Márquez's women are magnificent. Stern, stoic, preserved by duty and the dynastic urge, they struggle to keep their men sane. The primal mother Úrsula, even at the age of 100, is so sure of her ways that no one realizes she is blind.

Reduced to essences, the exotic Buendias become immediate—yet mythically

VITTORIANO RASTELLI



GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ  
To heaven in a bed sheet.

compelling like Tolstoy's Rostov family, or the doomed scions of Faulkner's *Sartoris*. But *One Hundred Years* is more than a family chronicle. The author is really at work on an imaginative spiritual history of any or all Latin American communities. In the process, he fondly reveals more about the Latin soul than all Oscar Lewis' selective eavesdropping does.

Indeed, the whole enchanted continent, originally colonized by white men in pursuit of El Dorado and the Fountain of Youth, is encapsulated in Macondo. The only trace of the Protestant ethic in the town is the operation of the U.S. banana company—and the "gringos" are plainly mean, greedy, and probably crazy too. The Buendias, on the other hand, are inspired mainly by the magic in life. They see no limit of human potential, mostly because natural miracles abound—a plague of insomnia, showers of dead birds or yellow flowers, the arrival of death as a lady in

blue. When Remedios Buendia (whose beauty and musky odor drive men mad) suddenly ascends to heaven while folding sheets, her sister-in-law merely grumbles that the sheets, which also rose, are lost forever.

For all its range and length, the book is satisfyingly cohesive where it might be sprawling. The key to this unity is García Márquez's treatment of time. Consider the superb opening sentence: "Many years later, as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendia was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice." Such compression of time makes the novel taut with a sense of fate. Atavistic dictates of blood must be followed. Premonitions invariably come true. A series of coded predictions, written when Macondo was still young, are deciphered only when every prediction has been fulfilled, including the final, devastating wind that takes apart Macondo. The future is thus history, the end is the beginning, and the reader is tempted to start again.

### Low Protean

MY SEVERAL LIVES: MEMOIRS OF A SOCIAL INVENTOR by James B. Conant.  
701 pages. Harper & Row. \$12.50.

In 1920, not long before he was married, 27-year-old James Bryant Conant confessed to his fiancée that he had three ambitions. The first was to become the leading organic chemist in the U.S. "After that," he said, "I would like to be president of Harvard; and after that, a Cabinet member, perhaps Secretary of the Interior."

Conant very nearly did it all. When he left the laboratory in 1933 to become Harvard's 23rd president, his work on the structure of chlorophyll had gained him an international reputation. Before he resigned 20 years later to become U.S. High Commissioner to Germany, he had moonlighted in wartime Washington as one of half a dozen key figures managing the development of the atomic bomb. While he never made the Cabinet, in 1955 he became the first American ambassador to the newly sovereign Bonn government. Before and since, he has showed sensible, evolutionary ideas in U.S. education.

**Reactions and Love.** Conant is now 76. With the help of a Carnegie Corporation grant and two graduate students he has put together a volume of memoirs. It should be a great deal more interesting than it is. Part of the trouble is Conant's lack of total candor, perhaps the natural result of Yankee reticence. Whether he is describing a faculty revolt in the late 1930s (over tenure and promotion) or his disgruntlement with John Foster Dulles 25 years later, Conant tantalizes more than he satisfies. Perhaps, too, in his protean lifetime Conant commissioned and read too many committee reports for the good of his own prose.

He writes with genuine feeling of his



# The Changing Company

## helps wash your clothes.

Changing is the word at Interlake.

Just helping to wash your clothes is a big change for us. We got into it through metal powders, which our customers compress into gears for automatic washers. Along with hundreds of other complex parts. (Incidentally, we're the largest producer of metal powders in all North America).

**Here's more change.** We also make furniture. For homes like yours. For mobile homes, too. We also make patio lights. Gas-fired barbecue grills. And learning centers for schools and public libraries.

**There are new changes to come.** More new products to help your business grow right along with ours. Products that come from a melding of our marketing and manufacturing experience.

These are just a few reasons why we call ourselves The Changing Company. How far we've come (we're the 297th largest corporation) and where we're going are detailed in our Annual Report. Write for your copy to: Interlake Steel Corporation, 310 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

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going where markets are growing

There is a long, quiet time in our aging cellars  
between the grape and the bottle. Months  
turn into years as each unhurried cask performs  
its age-old ritual. We call it the gentling time.  
You'll taste it whenever you serve  
The Christian Brothers Wines and Brandy.

*Brother Timothy F.S.C.* Cellarmaster

Photographed in The Christian Brothers Champagne Aging Cellars, Napa Valley, California



Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco, California, Brandy, 80 Proof. Champagne Bulk Process, Eugene Charvat Method.



prewar mountain climbing adventures, which unhappily ended when he injured his back on Mount Washington. Occasionally he throws out comments that should encourage anyone who has ever done battle with organic chemistry. "The course of organic reactions, like that of true love, does not run smooth." It is reassuring to learn that, at 15, the future president of Harvard, then a Roxbury Latin schoolboy, could not even spell supper or business. And he does not spare himself an occasional joke at his own expense. Bernard Baruch, meeting him in 1942 at Washington's Carlton Hotel to begin work on a synthetic-rubber study, surveyed Conant's fox face and spartan, wire-rimmed glasses and instantly announced: "Well, you're not much to look at—that's certain." When



JAMES BRYANT CONANT IN HIS 30s  
*The chemistry of social dynamite.*

an unexpected rainstorm drenched the large and eminent audience at Harvard's tercentenary celebration in 1936, Yale's President James Rowland Angell found the explanation: "This is Conant's way of soaking the rich."

In his memoirs, as in the memory of many of his professional associates, Conant remains a baffling and difficult man—by turns waspish and wry, pompous and self-deprecating. He calls himself a "social inventor," but by his own account, he emerges more as a catalyst and a tinkerer. His most influential role was as an educational goad, especially at Harvard, where he was responsible at least in part for such innovations as a revised graduate program for training schoolteachers, the Nieman fellowships for journalists and the general-education curriculum for undergraduates begun in the late 1940s. His greatest service to U.S. education was a 1959 report containing a score of key recommendations



## A Little Knowledge Is a Dangerous Thing?

*Not where arthritis and modern woman are concerned.*

**Something can be done.**

*For facts...for help, call on*

**The Arthritis Foundation**

*Let's help each other.*

## HIGH SCORER



**MONEY Man Preston Long**  
Owensboro, Kentucky

He's headed right for the top because he keeps scoring points for his clients. Making sure they get life and health insurance perfectly tailored to their incomes and their families' needs. A professional in every sense of the word, he's proven his ability to work for the good of the team by bringing bright young men and women to MONEY and helping them to start on insurance careers. And he gives them the benefit of his experience to make sure they score high, too.

**MONEY**  
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York



**Radio Free Europe**

**The In Sound From Outside**

More than half the people in East Europe are under thirty. When they want to know what's happening—they switch on Radio Free Europe. For the facts about East Europe and RFE, write: Radio Free Europe, Box 1969, Mt. Vernon, New York 10551



for strengthening the nation's public high schools. Long before most of the country was aware of an impending educational crisis, Conant pointed out that an integrated democracy would be impossible without basic reform of public secondary education. "Social dynamite," he wrote in 1961, "is building up in our large cities in the form of unemployed out-of-school youth, especially in the Negro slums."

Conant finds in himself a certain sympathy for the cause of youthful critics of education today. "Perhaps the time has come to give up all attempts of a faculty to tell young men and women what they ought to study in order to be broadly educated," he writes. "Can it be that the fetish of upholding academic standards has misled us? The educational process should continue throughout life. The knowledge and the skills required in a vocation are something quite apart. Have we in the United States unnecessarily entangled the two?"

The pedagogical technique is characteristic. Conant is not really asking a question but making a statement. Yet he admits that the issue raises "problems which to an oldtimer look almost beyond solution." Perhaps this is why, when old acquaintances ask, "Aren't you glad you are no longer a college president?" Conant never gets around to the answer.

## Out of Silence Toward Life

A BEGGAR IN JERUSALEM by Elie Wiesel, translated from the French by Lily Edelman and the author. 211 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

When 6,000,000 died, Elie Wiesel survived. The implications of that selection have haunted him ever since, and lent somber substance to his writing (seven books, one play). Wiesel was at work

in Manhattan on his eighth book when the Six-Day Arab-Israeli War broke out in 1967. Like thousands of Jews all over the world, he was unable to resist some sort of involvement. "I had to put everything aside," he remembers, and "I went to Jerusalem." This uniquely complete novel is the result of Wiesel's pilgrimage. It undertakes nothing less than the telling of the story of one post-World War II Jew as the sum of all his people.

The book is a complex interlacing of myth and mystery, parable and paradox, and straight description of an unusual war. At its center is a brief sketch of a now completed circle of Jewish history—from the Roman razing of the great Temple in Jerusalem and the diaspora, through the aftermath of Christ's crucifixion and Hitler's Final Solution, to the recapture of the Wailing Wall on the Temple grounds by Israeli soldiers in 1967. Outwardly, it is a cycle from defeat to victory. Inwardly, it represents the record of a profound moral dilemma. For the ancient Temple of Jerusalem was destroyed only three weeks after its defenders broke a tenet of the religious law. To regain the Temple, Jews were taught, would involve not force of arms but strict observance of moral law. Wiesel states the problem by telling a parable about an undiscovered kingdom that maintains impregnable defenses—except on the Sabbath.

A slightly mysterious character named Dan the Prince tries to persuade the rulers that the sanctity of the Sabbath must be violated in order that the kingdom may be preserved militarily, for it will not exist at all if the people who observe the sanctity of the Sabbath are destroyed. The undiscovered kingdom, faced with the dilemma of expediency versus a national spiritual responsibility, is clearly Israel, and Author Wiesel seems reluctantly to recognize the merits of Dan's arguments.

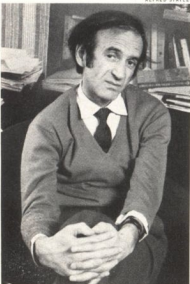
**Consumed by Fire.** In Wiesel's novel Dan the Prince is part of a band of beggars who meet each night within the shadow of the Wailing Wall after the Six-Day War to tell tales. Some are mad, some are drunk, some are blind. But all of them are ostensibly seers. Among them is David, the book's narrator and central figure. Like Wiesel, David was born in Transylvania and has survived the Nazi death camps. Unwilling or unable to die, he seems doomed to live out the prediction of a Nazi lieutenant who tried and failed to execute him. "You'll try to reveal what should remain hidden, you'll try to incite people to learn from the past and rebel, but they will refuse to believe you. You'll possess the truth, you already do; but it's the truth of a madman." Like Elie Wiesel himself, David is drawn to Jerusalem during the Six-Day War, and he is hoping to find death. Psychologically it is inconceivable to him that the Jews will not be overwhelmed as they have been in the past. "We were going to be consumed by

fire once more," he predicts, "and once more the world would let it happen."

But instead of death David meets Katriel, a gentle Talmudic scholar who fears both killing and being killed, yet nonetheless has decided to fight. When Katriel disappears, the role of survivor-witness again falls upon David—but this time with a considerable difference. Earlier, Katriel had been asked, "What do you expect of life?" and had replied, "Life itself." Through some blessing, it is inertia of life, not of death, that now preoccupies David. He still ponders the morbid though moral question of how one can "work for the living without by that very act betraying those who are absent." But instead of being drawn toward the 6,000,000 dead, David subsumes the missing Katriel into his own life. After the victorious war, Wiesel writes, "a page has been turned. The curse has been revoked in this place and its reign terminated." There is little affirmation in the discovery, merely an awareness that "what is important is to continue."

**Untrustworthy Words.** Despite his own eloquence and the book's interlocking questions, Wiesel distrusts words. "They destroy what they aim to describe," Katriel says. "By enveloping the truth they end up taking its place." Questioning silences, Wiesel suggests in *A Beggar*, can be more trustworthy. They do not curtail explorations with limiting answers. Wiesel has observed elsewhere that "art must be a result of cumulative silences. The silences must become so full that they finally break out. Then you start writing."

The great achievement of *A Beggar in Jerusalem* is that Wiesel has shaped a story that shows men during a modern war yet does justice to the brooding silences in which all violent action and its consequences are pondered and perhaps judged.



ELIE WIESEL  
The truths of madmen.

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

1. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowler (1 last week)
2. Travels with My Aunt, Greene (3)
3. The Godfather, Puzo (2)
4. The House on the Strand, du Maurier (6)
5. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, Breslin (4)
6. The Inheritors, Robbins (5)
7. Mr. Sammler's Planet, Bellow (7)
8. Love Story, Segal (8)
9. The Seven Minutes, Wallace (9)
10. A Beggar in Jerusalem, Wiesel

### NONFICTION

1. Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex, Reuben (1)
2. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (3)
3. The Selling of the President 1968, McGinniss (2)
4. The American Heritage Dictionary (7)
5. The Peter Principle, Peter and Hull
6. In Someone's Shadow, McKuen (6)
7. The Graham Kerr Cookbook (5)
8. Present at the Creation, Acheson (4)
9. Love and Will, May (10)
10. Ruffles and Flourishes, Carpenter



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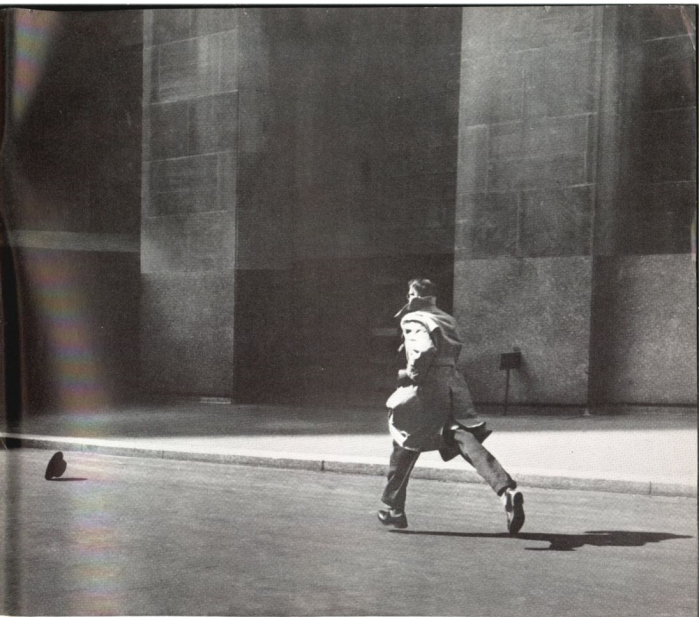
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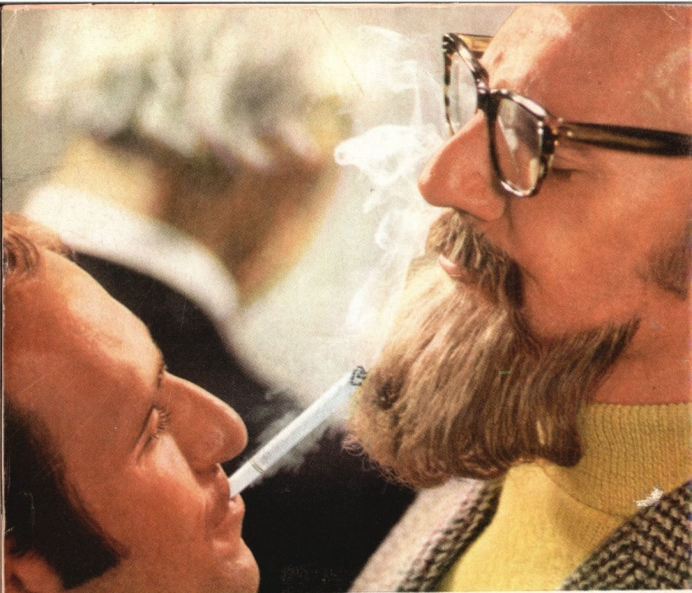


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